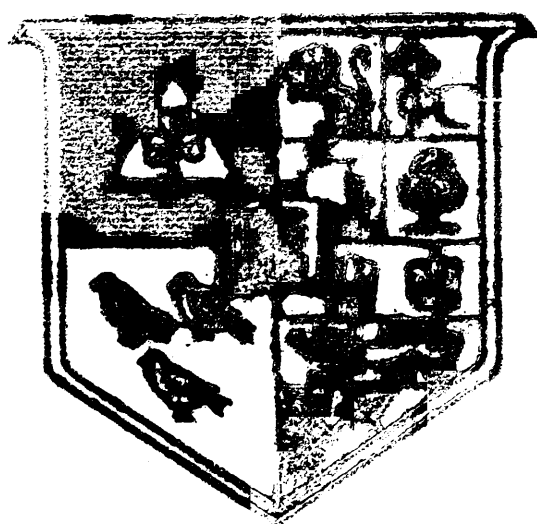


Vol. 12

No. 1

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Macdonald College Magazine



1921

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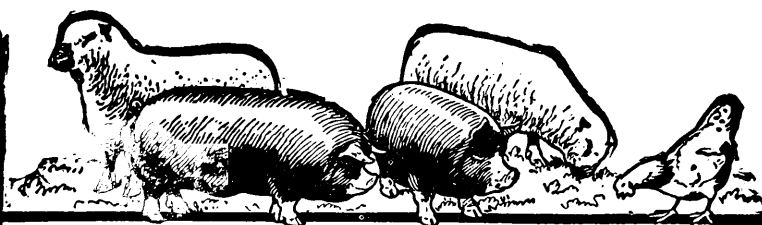
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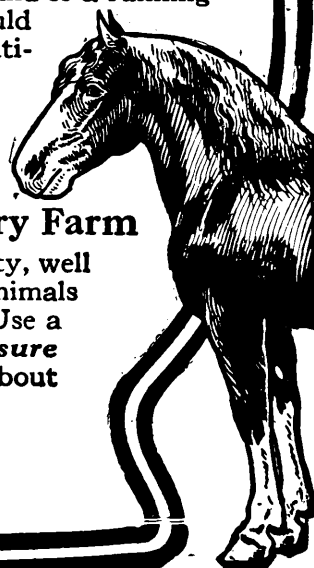
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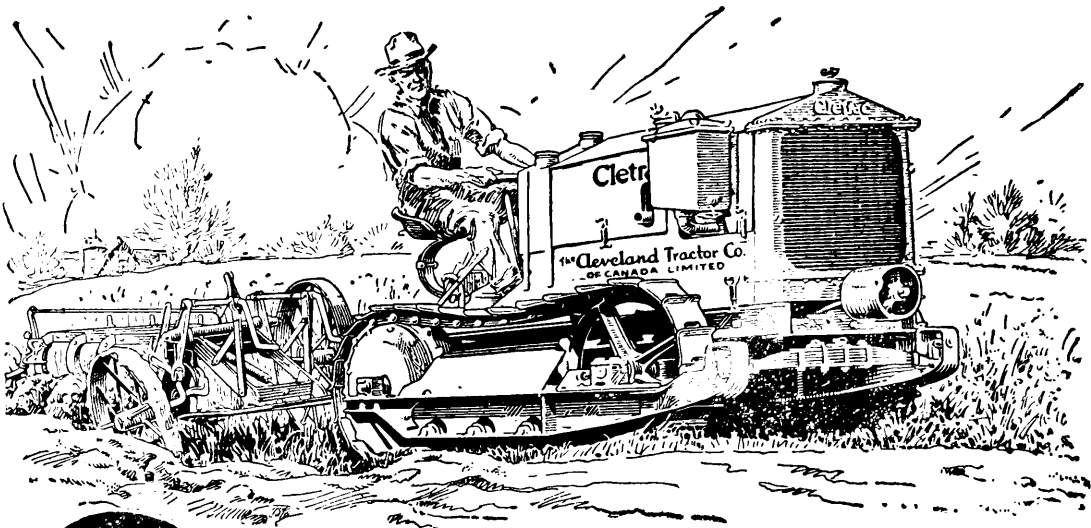
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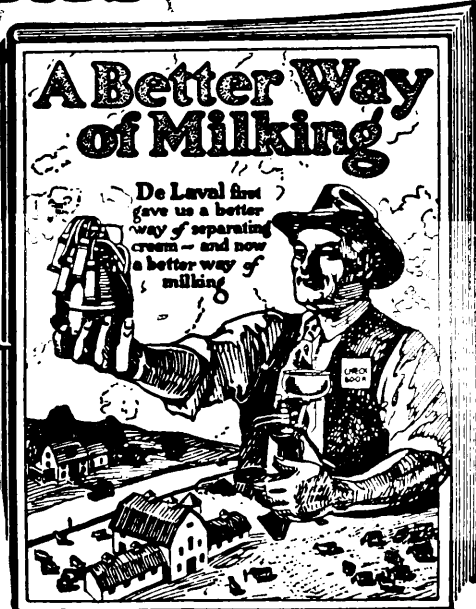
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CONTENTS

	Page
FRONTISPIECE—The Student's Council	
The Banana	1
A Holiday in the Carribean	4
Buttons, A Sketch by Norris Hodgins	8
The Macdonald Branch C.S.T.A. Convention	10
EDITORIAL	12
AGRICULTURE:	
Departmental News	15
Cereal Husbandry Department	15
Horticultural Department	16
Poultry Husbandry Department	16
Chemistry Department	17
Establishing a Holstein Herd in Sherbrooke County	18
Montreal Melons and How to Grow Them	19
OUR WIDER INTEREST, by T. E. McOuat	23
ALUMNI:	
Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association	32
Agricultural Undergraduates	35
Teachers' Alumni	36
FACULTY ITEMS	37
SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS	
From Nightmares to Realities	40
Canadian Girls in Training	41
SCHOOL OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE:	
Miss Whitton's Address	44
Getting the Most Out of Life	45
Old Girls	45
COLLEGE LIFE:	47
Macdonald College Organization, 1921-22	53
ATHLETICS	54
UNDER THE DESK LAMP	59
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MACDONALD	59
IN LIGHTER VEIN	60

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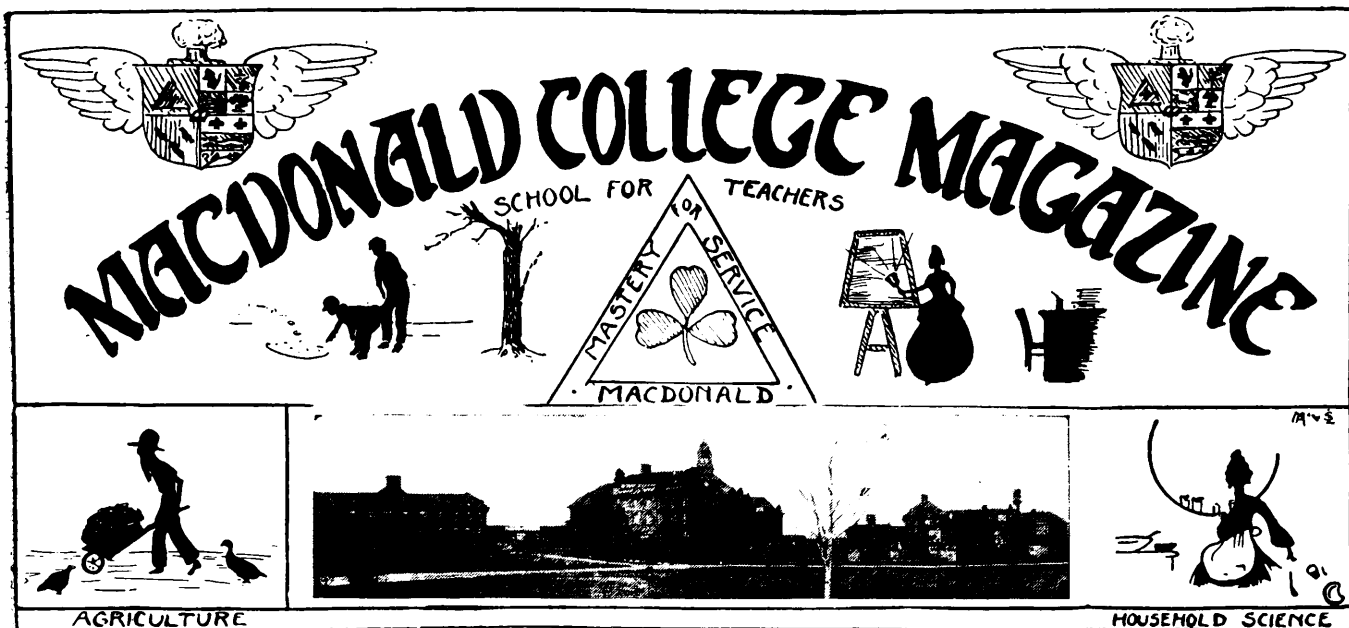
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THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL.



VOL. XII.

OCTOBER—NOVEMBER.

No. 1.

The Banana *part*

Of all the varieties of fruit imported into Canada, the banana is, perhaps, the most popular; on account of its comparative cheapness, its excellent flavour, its digestibility, and last but not least, the constant supply available throughout the year. Although, almost everyone here is familiar with the fruit, very few have seen it under cultivation. For those who have not, this account is written.

The banana, (*Musa Sapientum*) is a tropical plant, attaining its highest development in countries lying within 18 deg. of the Equator. India and the Canary Islands in the Eastern hemisphere, and Costa Rica, Br. Honduras, and Jamaica in the Western, are the best known banana countries in the world. The commercial variety, now known as the Jamaica Banana, was brought to the West Indies about one hundred years ago, and planted in the island of Martinique, and was for many years known as the Gros Michel or Martinique variety. It was very many

years afterwards,—the exact date I cannot now remember—that the first plant was brought to Jamaica, and there, under conditions that proved eminently suitable for its best growth and development, it acquired a flavour superior to those grown in other countries. This, coupled with the fact that Jamaica was the first place to supply the American market with them, gave it the name of the “Jamaica” banana. There are many other varieties of the *Musa*, but it has been found by experiment that no other fills the market requirements as well. The writer has seen, and observed over a period of four years, thirty-five varieties, which were collected from many countries; and although many were in their native countries noted for their excellent qualities, they all proved in some ways unsuitable to the market requirements. For example, the “Apple” banana, which is of very much better quality, and more dainty a morsel, fails to come up to the standard because the “fingers”, that is

the bananas, fall from the bunch when ripe — a serious defect.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the banana rose to prominence as a commercial article on the American market. About thirty years ago, perhaps less, (I must ask the indulgence of my readers so far as dates are concerned) a certain Captain Baker made a voyage to Jamaica, and there he tasted the fruit. He was struck with its good qualities, and took with him, on his return, some bunches of the fruit, intending them as a treat for his friends. As you may well imagine, he was asked to repeat the favour; which he did, with the result that more heard of them and wanted to have a regular supply. Eventually a company was formed, and regular shipments were sent North. Later on, the company extended its operations, and now it owns thousands of acres of the best banana lands in Jamaica and Central America, its own railways, and a line of steamers taking their precious freight to various ports in North America, the British Isles and Europe. Jamaica alone exports about twenty million bunches annually.

Although the fruit is borne, on the average, about twelve to fifteen feet above the ground, the plant has no aerial stem! The portion of the plant that comes above the ground is a stalk consisting of the sheaths of the leaves, the blades of which are about eight feet long, and twenty inches wide. (To the labourers in the field these are welcome shelter during sudden rain-storms) The fruiting stalk grows through the central portion of the stalk, and comes out at the crown of the plant. This flower structure is a raceme; bearing female flowers on the older portion, and male flowers towards the end. The seed of the banana is inconspicuous and is nev-

er used for propagation. This is effected by taking cuttings from the younger parts of the rhizomes and these are popularly known as "bulbs". The "bulbs" are planted in holes about 18 inches square and sixteen inches deep; and from 11 to 16 feet apart, the exact distance depending on the fertility of the soil.

The most suitable soil for the banana is soil formed from sandstone or the old yellow limestone. Other soils will produce bananas of good quality, but special methods of cultivation have to be adopted, and therefore these areas are necessarily restricted. On all soils thorough preparation of the land is necessary, and this includes ploughing, cross-ploughing and disking on level land, and 'forking' on hilly land. Thorough drainage is essential for the production of fruit at the right time.

The prices paid by the shipping companies vary throughout the year, depending, of course, on the demand. In the summer there is abundance of home-grown fruit, hence the banana is little in demand. During the winter and spring the reverse holds true. Consequently the aim of the growers is to bring the fruit in at that time, and to insure this the greatest attention to all the details of cultivation must be paid. The plants are set out between the months of October and March, the exact time of planting in each area being determined by climatic conditions, elevation, soil, and labor conditions. The planter must determine for himself the best time for planting in his particular locality — no general rule can be laid down.

About three weeks after setting out the "bulbs", the first shoots begin to appear. Only one of these should be left to grow. All others should be

pruned off as soon as they appear. The last pruning should be done at the end of August, after which the field should be left for one month. During the first week of October, all but one of the young shoots, which are then not more than a month old, are pruned off. This 'follower' is the plant that will produce the first 'ratoon' crop. Whereas the 'plant' banana takes from twelve to fifteen months to produce mature fruit, the ratoon takes about twenty-one months. The system of ratooning is continued until three to four successive crops have been reaped, after which the field must be replanted. Unless this is done, the fruit is almost sure to be ready for the market at a time when there is little demand for it, resulting in a loss to the producer.

During the whole period the fields must be kept free from weeds by the use of a very light plough or cultivator, and after each successive crop is reaped the fields should be thoroughly ploughed, disked, and harrowed. In certain areas irrigation (by open ditches) is highly necessary, and in others thorough drainage must be done if the fruit is to be reaped at the right time. To increase the fertility of the soil heavy crops of cowpeas or other leguminous crops are grown, and ploughed under as soon as the blossoms begin to appear. On soils of white limestone formation

heavy mulching must be done if success is to be assured.

In some parts of Central America the banana industry has been entirely wiped out by a serious fungous disease, commonly known as Panama disease (*Phytophthora omnivora*). Briefly, the mycelium lives in the soil, enters the plant through the roots, and blocks up all the channels by which water is carried to the leaves. The plant turns brown, breaks down, and dies before the fruit is matured. The spores live in the soil for years, and so far as our present knowledge goes, they retain their vitality over twelve years. No remedy has been found, hence, a spot once infected is useless for planting the Jamaica banana. In a few isolated spots in Jamaica the disease has been found, and measures have been taken to control it. These measures have been successful. One variety is immune to the disease, the "China" or "Dwarf" banana. Unfortunately it has not been able to hold its place in our export trade.

Growing bananas for export has paid some planters handsomely, but many have lost money in their enterprise. On account of the recurrence of hurricanes it is a gamble, and no one with small capital should risk all in the venture. The man with a large amount of capital can safely invest his money, with the assurance of getting a good return on his outlay.



A Holiday in the Carribean

Exams were over. By this I mean that I had been examined for the last time and pronounced completely full after a prolonged stuffing with theories, living, dead, and half dead. After having a mental bath so to speak, and promptly forgetting all the theories, etc., I found myself mentally bankrupt and it was in this state of mind that I proposed to take a trip home to South America, a distance of some three thousand odd miles.

I was brought suddenly, or rather violently, to a realisation of what I had done at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, my first experience of New York after South America, Westmount and Macdonald College. It seemed in comparison quite a gay sort of village at the time I was there, or that is what I remember clearly. Soon after this, I had to wake up and take an interest in things because we were leaving New York and passing the Statue of Liberty. Our boat, or rather the boat, began to roll after this and I can't help but soliloquize on a time two days later when the ship was still rolling but had also developed a pitch, resulting in that delightful cork-screw motion which makes you think so tenderly of good solid earth. The dinner bell had just gone, and I was left to the peace and quiet of the main deck—that quiet following the sound of the bugle calling people into a meal—when everyone has suddenly gravitated to their cabins, and perhaps, you are also forced to beat a hurried retreat when some optimistic passenger offers you a cigar. Or tells you how rough it was when he was going to the Samoa Islands to take up a position in a glue factory and how everyone was so sea sick that he re-

members for nearly a week he was the only person in the dining saloon; that is himself and two others—that number seldom varies no matter how many times you hear the story from different sources. However, this time I was lucky and as I picked out the most comfortable chair in the long rows on deck I thought of—why—Macdonald, and it seemed a mighty good place then.

We rolled on never missing a wave the whole trip down and two days later ran into the Gulf Stream, or rather it ran into us, for there were few dry spots on the ship. However, the sea soon went down and the day after this most of the passengers arrived on deck. That night we had the usual masquerade dance where everyone came dressed just as they always do, except Mr. King who put on his evening dress. The next night we had a concert and collection to help a lady in the steerage whose baby had died of pneumonia. One of the parsons (we had six of them on board going as missionaries to the different Islands) buried the baby, then gave us a talk on how short life was. After this one of the ladies rendered "The End of a Perfect Day" on the piano which, while excellent from a musical point of view, showed horribly the seasick effect of a protracted spell of rough weather. Then an English commercial traveller rendered, with apologies for his voice and an explanation that his music was in the hold, "Just a Wee Dock and Doris," while the ship's gossip talked the whole show through, to a lady who answered 'yes' between yawns. After the concert we all went on deck to watch the sun set. There is no place for romance like the deck of a ship at sun set in mid ocean. Romance

in the white top of a wave; in a floating spar; in the irridiscent gleam of the fin of an eight foot shark moving in ever narrowing circles round a floating barrel; in a comparison of the blue of the sea with oh! such a different blue in two blue eyes. Then someone discovers the Southern Cross for the first time and you all have to move over and see it.

St. Thomas was the first place we landed at and unless you have lived there, it is just the same as all the other

a gigantic split occurred in the walls of that towering mass of stone, Mount Pelée, and masses of burning lava and suffocating gases poured through the town. Still to show how easily we forget, there are new houses and a new town springing up in the same spot. I can tell you we all thought a great deal when this was described to us by an eye witness who happened to be on board a ship in the harbour at the time of the eruption.

Barbados was the last island we called



A TYPICAL VIEW IN DEMERARA.

Islands. Great green mountains, surrounded by the whitest of coral sand beaches and lying in a pool of blue water. We stayed at St. Thomas for the day, then on to the next island, travelling at night and staying a day at each. We called at eleven altogether. Martinique, the French island, with its capital, Fort de France, is of particular interest. We sighted Martinique with its smoking volcano, Soufrière, early one morning. We could easily see from the ship the ruins of the town of St. Pierre where 30,000 lives were lost just because

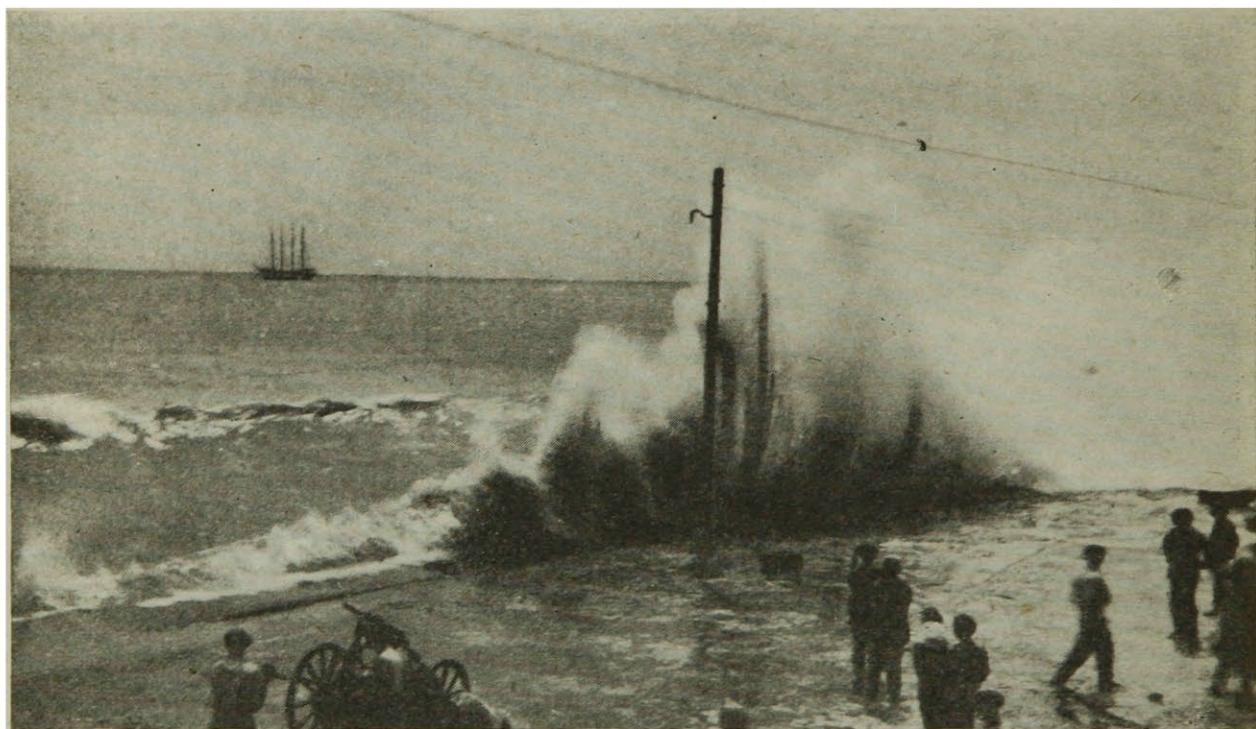
at, and here I had to say farewell to the ship and the West Indies and start on the last lap of my trip home. We sailed out of Bridgetown, Barbados, one rainy Sunday morning, showing only a corner of the main sail, and with only 90 tons of ship between us and the sea. The trip to the mainland of South America was uninteresting in the extreme; four hundred miles to go, no wind and downpours of tropical rain. Still towards the end, things brightened up and I used to sit on the hatch at night and listen to the creak, creak, of the ropes

and to the monotonous chanting song of the East Indian crew. Some nights the phosphorescent display was fine. You could see and hear the water gurgling in the scuppers on the lea side, and now and then a flying fish would float from wave to wave, suddenly to disappear in a blur of silver spray.

We arrived in Georgetown, Demerara, before sun up on one of those quiet tropical mornings, with only the ripple of water at the bow to break the dead quiet, while the oppressive smell of fer-

drying pool. These things are at least natural; prohibition came to the fish through a natural physical effect, the fact that water under the influence of tropical heat and wind evaporates rapidly.

Two more water journeys and a short distance by train landed me at home. The train journey furnished quite a comparison from the last one I had taken. Three times I had to pass the ticket collector to see about luggage and three times a large clover leaf was pun-



AFTER THE HURRICANE — BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

menting sugar and rum was everywhere. Demerara has been likened to a strip of mud lying in a pool of liquid mud. Perhaps this is true, but it is here that the planter grows his sugar, makes his rum and drinks it too. "It is a land of a thousand different things, a land of everything, good and bad, except perhaps the soft illusive beauty of a coral island, or the hum of a large city with all its modern happenings, some worse than the sneaking fight of two treacherous snakes for their mate, or the gasping fight of fish caught in a rapidly

ched out of my exceedingly small ticket by the hopelessly conscientious native gateman. Finally I took my seat in the empty first class car and after several false starts, amidst the yelping of native dogs, the screaming of parrots and frantic good-byes and salaams from distracted native women, the Demerara express started to move slowly out of the station, even more slowly than a lame coolie man who arrived half an hour late. This individual limping painfully along, so that at every hop I found myself mentally doing the same

thing, managed to reach the luggage van and was bundled aboard the moving train.

My home like everybody else's is the most beautiful spot on earth; just a house with the forest on three sides and the river on the fourth, four hundred acres of cleared land and perpetual summer. Some distance to the north and also on the river is Suddie, a small village where they have the hospital. The other place of interest in Suddie is the Post Office where you can read telegrams delayed in transit. The jungle is quite near all around and it is here that I spent a large part of my time collecting insects.

Two most popular misconceptions exist in regard to tropical jungles. Firstly, that the heat and dangers are excessive, and secondly, that animals and snakes pounce upon you at every turn, while at night, vampire bats, mosquitoes, etc., make life a misery.

This is not to be wondered at when we realize the vast amount of literature picked out from a vast field and written with an idea to continuous and intensive sensation.

The heat of the jungle is not oppressive. The difference between bearable heat and the gasping point is simply that of shadow and sunshine. A thermometer in the shade will register 87 deg.; moved one yard into the sun's rays it will in a short while register from 147 to 151 deg. So keep out of the sun.

As regards the dangers, unfortunately statistics are impossible. If one thrusts one's hand into every hole and rotten tree trunk in a search for insects, in the course of time some unsuspecting snake, scorpion, centipede, or tarantula, is sure to bite it. Likewise a good draught of clear jungle water

will as likely as not bring amoebic death. Animals are comparatively scarce because, unlike the Indian who travels like a shadow, we scare them away by the noise of our approach.

The surface soil in the jungle is, of course, the usual black vegetable mould, but the subsoils are either clayey or sandy. A pit dug in one spot will show pure blue clay, while ten yards away the spade will throw up pure white sand which probably some thousands of years ago marked the sea shore; and for all these years it has lain undisturbed except where thrown into light by a falling tree, or when scratched up by armadillos, or when borne to the surface, grain after grain, by indefatigable ants. The undergrowth of the jungle is scanty, light-starved and fungus-plagued. Here orchids, moths and other insects, small birds and forest animals, reign supreme. Some one hundred feet overhead we have a mad tangle of vines and creepers, and it is here that the monkey and parrot and other tree top life make their homes and have their quarrels; all to the hum of insects and amidst the riotous color of flowers. The true South American Indian is very like the Northern Indian only heavier in build and lighter in color. Civilization with its attendant evils, rum and clothes, are responsible for the fact that they are rapidly dying out.

Trips through the jungle, up the rivers and lakes, entomological excursions, tennis and a thousand and one other things soon filled in the time. Yet when you look back you cannot say definitely what you did at home.

So now I come to that bitter sweet of parting, the long lingering farewell calls where they give you a big dinner or some other social entertainment and wish you a quick passage. Where you

promise to write by every boat and sneak away catching your boat by the proverbial half second.

On the way north, at Barbados, a hurricane suddenly sprang up, lasting for two wild days. When things quieted down, the sea was one wild turmoil of floating wreckage, while along the shore a tree stood out here and there with limp black foliage and the water's edge was covered with broken trees and

bits of houses and boats. The ship I was banking my hopes on catching dragged her anchors, so put out to sea and was nearly four days trying to find the island again. After thirteen days out of sight of land we sighted Canada and if anyone had asked me at the time—but for the fact that it is much too cold for fig leaves—I am sure I would have said it was the Garden of Eden.

Lancelot Rolleston.

Buttons

A Sketch, by Norris Hodgins.

Buttons are a curse. While they are with us they are a constant source of work and worry, of heartburnings and blasphemy. And when they depart they leave aching voids that cause us endless humiliation. They might be all right if they knew their place and stayed there, but they do not. They stand in serried ranks on our coat sleeve, where they cannot possibly be of service and only cause trouble by becoming entangled in the Marcel wave of the occasional maiden, while from positions of the keenest strategic import they desert shamelessly.

Buttons were unknown in the Garden of Eden. Man was happy there. Then with his Fall came buttons—at first just a few, then a few millions. And with advancing civilization and the birth of the diabolical ideas of gathering gear and of achieving the utmost in complexity in dress and in manner of living, they have crept into our work baskets, on to our dressers and under our carpets, until they have as great a part in the present order of things as have our appendices, our profiteers, our income

taxes and all the other evils of the age. Their use has multiplied until today there is danger of the human race becoming civilized into a box of button hooks.

The origin of buttons was in the infernal regions; their inventor was the Devil himself. They are the things of which What's-his-name wrote as being not what they seem. They look materialistic enough in all conscience; but in reality they are ephemeral, evanescent, not of this world. They are here today and gone to-morrow. They look as innocent as a dishonest deacon; but their influence is wholly evil. They cause men to curse and miss trains; they cause women to lose their tempers and oft-times their lingerie; they wreck homes and drive to the madhouse pastors of indigent congregations.

Consider their peculiar and sinister shape—that factor that enables them to smack one in the eye or roll to the ends of the earth with equal facility. Why should they always be circular in form? It would be just as easy to make them square. But square buttons would

be too easy of capture to suit the Enemy of Souls—they wouldn't roll far enough. So they are fashioned like little Ford wheels or hat brims or quarters—anything that is capable of making a speedy get-away will serve as a model for the designer of buttons. And when the head of the house crashes into a bedstead as he endeavours to capture the elusive stud of a Sunday morning, there is great joy in the presence of the Satanic hosts.

When we compare, from the standpoint of buttons, the simplicity of the life of our forefathers with that of the present generation of vipers, we hide our face in shame. In the morning the ancient man of affairs stayed abed until the Commuter's Special whistled for his stop before he even thought of what suit he should wear. Then, with a bound, he sprang from his ferns, snatched up the bear- or leopard-skin (depending on whether he was a guardsman or a movie-actor) and tossing it about his shoulders with one hand while with the other he reached for the bone that had been grilling overnight for his breakfast, he was at the station before you could say "*Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerwchwynndrobull - llandisiliogogogoch*"—and fully dressed too. His suit once on, stayed for the day and the evening as well, whether he took in a bull-fight, a bridge-fight or a booze-fight. And when he desired rest, he merely retreated into his cave, chucked his skin into a corner and pulled the mouth of the cave in over him for a coverlet.

Now we get up about the time the fireman on the Suburban Bone-shaker is cleaning out his ash-pan, for we have much to do before we catch the last car. But needs must when the Devil drives, so after unbuttoning our pyjamas—or those buttons that still remain on our

pyjamas—we start on our daily grind of buttoning. First we button on our underwear, if there are any buttons to button; then we button our socks to our garters and our garters to our legs; next we button our pants to each other and hitch them fore and aft with tricky galluses, writhing the while like the contortionist in the circus in our efforts to dislocate the missing link from the cowardly position it has taken up between our shoulder-blades; this accomplished, we button on in rapid succession our shirt and our cuffs, our tie and our toupee, our coat and our waistcoat, our collar and our boots; and then, as the train whistles, we snatch up our umbrella and our muffler and our gloves and our overcoat and our spectacles and our newspaper and race for the corner with the uneasy feeling that we have buttoned those things that we ought not to have buttoned and left unbuttoned those things that we ought to have buttoned, and dumbly aware that we have to go to the Boggles' reception to-night, which will mean undoing the whole darn thing and doing it over more thoroughly with little frills thrown in in the way of tricky studs and white lawn ties. And life takes on the semblance of naught but one great orgy of buttoning.

But however soul-revolting the endless task of buttoning may be, it is not nearly so wearing on one's religion as is the absence of buttons on conspicuous parts of the modern make-up, or the popping of buttons in moments of tense and turgid silence. We do not know how the average benedict fares for buttons, although we have met the odd member of that delightful fraternity who had to resort to three inch nails to hold them up; but this we can say—happy is the bachelor whose buttons are staid.

For without buttons we bachelors can

do nothing. We are undone. A shirt with the second button-hole vacant is a total loss. A solitary cuff-link is an insult. A top-coat shy a button is thenceforth a good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men.

And in our trouble is there a helping hand stretched out to us? There is not. Tailors and haberdashers, jewellers and laundrymen all seem to work for our undoing. The buttons are sewed to our suits with smoking flax, collar studs are made in two pieces stuck together with water, and the Chinks clip the mother-of-pearls off our underwear to use as chips in their fan-tan festivals. We may keep up the fight for a long time, but sooner or later we either scrap the old galluses or marry a woman who has to be buttoned up the back.

Personally we have taken up the belt. For years we went on hoping against

hope and buying bachelor buttons, but the struggle of one man against many buttons could have but one ending, and when one night at a wedding feast we stooped for a trayful of cups of coffee and knocked a dear old dowager's lorgnette to glory with one back button while the other embedded itself in the bridecake, we decided it was no go. So while we can still find some hook bones to keep our belt from slipping o'er the brink, we shall go about in society, and when we take on flesh we shall either turn ourselves into an hour-glass by tight binding with a surcingle, or retreat like Diogenes to the well-known tub and mellow in the wood.

To-day we go about with our coat agape so that the buttons may not leave us. We wear collars that pull on over our head. And as for our B.V.D.'s we hitch them on by putting our arms through the wrong holes—and there the matter hangs.

The Macdonald Branch C.S.T.A Convention

The regular semi-annual convention of the Macdonald College Local Branch of the C. S. T. A. was held at the college, October 20 and 21. There was a good attendance, not only of the local members of the Society but also of outside members and many of the undergraduates of the College.

At the opening luncheon the members were welcomed by Dr. Harrison. The afternoon session, at which Prof. Dickson, the President of this Local, was in the chair, was opened by a report by Prof. Barton of the first annual convention of the C.S.T.A. which was held in Winnipeg last June. Following a slight discussion which arose from this report,

Mr. F. H. Grindley, General Secretary, gave a statement of the standing of the Society and its activities since the Annual meeting. During his remarks he mentioned the taking over of *Scientific Agriculture*, the official organ of the C.S.T.A. by the association, the reason for so doing and the probable advantages to be obtained from it. He also intimated that in the near future, if the society kept on progressing as it was at present, the annual-fee would be reduced from \$10, the present rate, to \$5. In ending he mentioned that if the magazine was to become a success, it was up to every member of the Society to do his part by helping out not only

in the donating of articles, but also in the business end, principally in procuring advertisements.

In the discussion which followed, the object of the "Bureau of Records", which had been mentioned by Prof. Barton as one of the outcomes of the annual meeting, was made clear. The object of the Bureau is to act as a link between the commercial man and the agricultural graduate. On becoming a member of the C.S.T.A. a man may fill out a card specially for the purpose, giving his qualifications, experience, etc. This card is filed with the Bureau and kept for reference. When an employer is in need of a man technically trained along agricultural lines, by giving a list of his requirements to the Bureau, he can get in touch with any available men.

For the remainder of the afternoon, the topic under discussion was "Co-operative Extension Work in Quebec". The leaders were H. S. Aikell, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, J. N. Ponton, Editor of "Le Bulletin des Agriculteurs" and C. E. Petch of the Entomologist Branch at Hemmingford. It was brought out that farming being both a business and a profession could only be successfully carried out by organization and the complete co-operation of the Provincial and Dominion Departments of Agriculture.

Without co-operation it is impossible to obtain proper produce and have proper marketing facilities. In the further-

ence of co-operation there are four main bodies concerned. First the Agricultural Colleges; second, the Provincial district Representatives; third, the trained experts of the Live Stock branch; and last, the markets and intelligence end of the work.

The first part of the evening was devoted to short statements given by the heads of each of the departments of Bacteriology, Botany, Entomology, Chemistry and Physics, concerning research work which had been carried on in the past or was under investigation at present.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to field problems from the viewpoint of the field worker; Agronomy by Messrs. Magnan and McDougall, Animal Husbandry by Messrs. Hodge and Robinson, Horticulture by Messrs. Ritchie and Reid; and Poultry by Mr. L. C. Roy.

The following morning, too, was occupied by a continuation of the departmental activities in which the various departments were visited and practical demonstrations were held.

The meeting was brought to a very successful close by a farewell luncheon in the dining-hall, after which Principal Reynolds of O.A.C. gave an address on the "Agricultural College and its constituency" not only to the members of the convention but to the entire Student body of the College as well.

K. R.



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EDITORIAL

WELCOME.

The dawn of another college year has come and gone, and everybody has settled to his 'common round' of life. Many, no doubt, looked forward with uncertainty and awe as to what lay before them here, but have become reassured by the comradeship of their fellows, and the beauty of their surroundings. Initiation, in spite of its roughness, has helped to make the students more in sympathy with one another. The sense of strangeness, which is always present at first, has worn away, leaving in its

place that 'homey' feeling so essential to a successful and happy year.

We are especially pleased to have with us the Third Year Class in Household Science—the first to enter Macdonald for the purpose of taking the B.H.S. degree. No one can come to Macdonald without singing her praises, and we find that these are not by any means exceptions to this rule—or law, we should say. We hope to see more and more students taking this course, and we are confident there will be.

To all students, whether you are here

for the first term or are an 'old hand', we would offer a suggestion. Make the most of your opportunities while here, and you cannot but be happy and content.

CHANGES ON THE STAFF.

There are people whose movements are momentous; there are others who may come and go without causing much change in the routine of life. It is to the former class that belongs Dr. A. Savage, formerly veterinarian at the College. Space does not permit us to give an account of his multifarious activities at Macdonald. However, a brief sketch may not be amiss. Dr. Savage graduated with the first class to enter Macdonald — Agr. '11. Later he attended Cornell University, there taking the degree of D.V.S. Since returning from overseas he had filled the office of College Veterinarian. However,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, etc."

The tide came; Dr. Savage obeyed the impulse — and went West. He now holds the office of Professor of Animal Pathology at the University of Manitoba and is also Provincial Veterinarian. We wish Dr. Savage all success in his new appointment.

The fell hand of sickness spares no one — not even the professors. That is how it came about that Prof. Lochhead — head of the Biology Department — came under its sway this summer. The result was that Prof. Lochhead was unable to take up his work when college opened this term. However, reports reaching us are to the effect that Prof. Lochhead will be back in harness when college re-opens after Christmas. We trust our information is correct, and await with pleasure the return of Prof. Lochhead.

Still another of the staff has been

compelled by sickness to relinquish his duties for a time. Mr. G. E. Emberley, for many years head of the Department of Agricultural Engineering, was unable to resume his duties this term. We hope soon to be able to welcome Mr. Emberley back to the college.

CHICAGO JUDGING TEAM.

All arrangements have been made to send a team to Chicago to compete for the Live Stock Judging Trophy. This is a splendid opportunity of the Animal men to get practice in this line of work. On their way, they expect to visit several well known live stock farms, where they will have a chance to get some valuable information. We have some able stock judges on the team who are out to show what Macdonald can do, and to bring back that trophy, if possible.

ACTIVITIES.

Our Rugby team has done some fine work this year, but were seriously handicapped by lack of practice due to the early start made in the games. We have the material, and if only the men could put in, say, a week's training before college opened, they would have a fairer chance.

* * *

From the amount of enthusiasm shown on Sports Day, we may augur well for the success of athletics in general. All the events were keenly contested, and some unexpected talent showed itself. The pole vault record was broken by Winters, while the times for the long distance runs were good.

* * *

There has always been some difficulty in providing suitable programmes for the weekly entertainments held in the Women's Residence. This difficulty has been obviated by appointing a committee, with Mr. Brighton as chairman, to look after these. Mr. Brighton is the

right man in the right place, and results will justify his appointment.

* * *

"Music hath charms to calm the savage breast," so why should it not soothe that of the Macdonald student? There should be no excuse for a perturbed mind here, as we have plenty of musical talent on both sides of the campus. The Orchestra is a good one, and we hope to hear from it very often.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

This number of the magazine has been prepared with an entirely new board from across the campus. These girls have co-operated closely with the boys as will be evidenced in the number of articles appearing from the Schools of Household Science and of Teachers.

* * *

With the members of the board working well together and sympathetic backing from the students we hope for a literary development. The material in the present issue, in spite of the haste in which it was prepared, needs no apologies. However, we must exert ourselves to greater effort, showing signs of improvement from issue to issue.

The greatest opportunity for this is presented in writing articles of general interest which appear in the first section of the magazine. An article based on truth or fiction, carried in the mind for weeks, an article written and rewritten, improved and polished with each writing—that is the effort that yields satisfying results.

To encourage writing of this nature the magazine, under the auspices of the Literary Society, is conducting a story writing competition. The winning story or stories will appear in the next number. Details of the competition have been given out. Every student would gain materially by entering this contest.

We miss the services of Mr. Saunders this year. For two years he did excellent work as photographer for the magazine. At present, Mr. Saunders is at Cambridge, studying for his Doctor's degree.

We are fortunate in having, as his successor, Mr. Herbert Angell, Agr. '25, who has already demonstrated his ability to fill the large gap left by Mr. Saunders.

* * *

Before the close of last term, acting on Mrs. James' suggestion, the board collected for reference purposes, all the numbers of the magazine ever published. During the summer these were bound and are now in the magazine office. There are eleven complete volumes. Their use for reference purposes should prove valuable to newly elected members of the board.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. James for her assistance and also those who kindly sent in missing numbers to complete the volumes.

* * *

During the summer Mr. T. C. Vanterpool did splendid work for the magazine, managing the business end of it.

At present we have but a few dollars in outstanding bills, which are covered by good debts. With subscription money and carrying about the same number of advertisements, the magazine, financially, need cause no worry this year.

* * *

Mr. Ralph L. Wurzburger, Agr. '23, has been appointed circulation manager of the magazine. This is a position created this year with the hope of having the number of our subscribers maintained permanently, doing away with special subscription campaigns which in the past have not had desirable results.

AGRICULTURE

Departmental News

CEREAL HUSBANDRY DEPARTMENT.

Educating the Barley and Oat Crop.

The oat crop is by far the most important grain crop grown in Quebec from the standpoint of acreage and yield. The average area approximates two million acres for the province as a whole. Even small increases in yield per acre, through the choice of better adapted varieties, in the aggregate amount to millions of dollars. The Cereal Department aims by selection and crossing to produce strains which are better adapted to conditions on the whole, and where necessary to definite localities.

Total food value per acre should be the final criterion in deciding the suitability of a variety. Sorts giving a high yield in pounds may not, however, — on account of thickness of hull for example, — give the highest feeding value. Our highest producing oats are faulty in this regard. Moreover, the poor appearance of some of the most profitable producers sometimes results in their being discarded for poorer varieties with better appearance. One of the main aims of the Cereal Husbandry Department in its work with oats is therefore to produce a high yielding oat possessing good quality.

Tendency to lodge is a weakness of many oat varieties, particularly where plenty of moisture and plant food are present. Similarly susceptibility to

rust and smut constitutes serious deficiencies when conditions are favorable for those diseases. Strength of straw and resistance to disease are therefore given serious consideration in choosing parents and in selecting plants as progenitors of races.

Barley, while not as important as oats, is grown on a sufficiently large area that a small general improvement would result in enormously increased profits to Quebec farmers as a whole. Improvement along similar lines to those mentioned with oats is equally desirable with barley. Certain other deficiencies, however, warrant additional consideration.

Under good conditions barley out-yields oats by several hundred pounds per acre. On this account one would expect that barley would be more commonly grown than it is. The small acreage is due in a measure, at least, to the disagreeable beards. Smooth bearded varieties are in existence but they are as a rule low yielders. Marked success has already been attained in increasing the yield and strength of straw, by crossing with better yielding, strong strawed varieties.

The improvement of the barley crop is sought in still another direction. Some of the hulless varieties are among our highest yields. Moreover, the fact that they are hulless decreases the seriousness of the beards. Hulless varieties are, however, weak strawed. Efforts are

therefore being directed towards increasing the strength of the straw.

The attempts in each of the lines mentioned have met with distinct success, and many varieties with the desired characteristics are now in the field tests where they are being tried out against the varieties now commonly grown.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Professor Bunting who was operated on recently for appendicitis, is now, we are happy to say, back home and recovering rapidly.

The apple crop this season was good. The yield of Yellow Transparents was light, but was offset by the heavy yield of Duchess and Crimson Beauty. Mac-Intosh, Alexander and Wolfe River made an excellent showing, the last two, however, were attacked slightly by the second brood of coddling moth.

The plum crop was also good.

The cherry crop was a negligent quantity, the old orchard having practically died out. The young orchard is just coming into bearing so that next year ought to see a fair crop.

Seed of hardy varieties of pears and plums is being collected from different parts of the province for improvement work.

An exhibit of some 26 boxes of Macintosh apples has been sent to the Imperial Fruit Show, London, England.

The silver cup, given at the Ottawa Fair, Central Canada Exhibition, for the best box of Macintosh, was won by Macdonald College.

The melon crop was so good this year that it was found necessary to build a high barbed-wire fence around it. Improvement work is being carried on, the aim being to produce a small melon of high quality suitable for the province and to improve the quality of the Montreal melon.

Small fruit crops were only fair, while grapes were good for some varieties only.

There were extra good crops of cauliflower, cabbage and potatoes.

The root crops were poor.

Variety tests for strawberries and other small fruits, and potatoes, have been carried on; also improvement work with Early Malcolm and Golden Bantam corn, and Martha Washington asparagus.

A fine strain of Red rhubarb has been developed.

In the Greenhouses.

Mr. Walker is cropping tomatoes and lettuce at this time. He has a fine display of potted plants and cut flowers for sale. Mr. Jones has a splendid display of show plants, his exhibition "Mums" being particularly fine.

During the summer, the college was visited by the Official Horticulturists of the Northern Great Plains who were touring Eastern Canada.

We also had a visit from Mr. L. R. Jones (Bumpus) a few weeks ago. Bumpus is now operating a greenhouse and truck farm of his own and says that it is the only life.

POULTRY HUSBANDRY DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Lampman, B.S. (University of Wisconsin) has been engaged in the capacity of Extension Poultry Husbandman.

The average egg production per bird has been higher during the current year than in any previous year. About one-half of the flock still have their annual records to complete, but there are already quite a number of 200-egg Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds.

The experimental work in fattening

roasters was continued. The optimum weight for fattening has been found to be about 35 lbs. with the two-week period the most profitable. The average number of pounds of rations required to produce one pound gain in live weight was 7.318 lbs. The average percentage of the ration retained as gain in live weight was 14.411. The average dressing percentage to the live fattened weight was 89.354, and to the initial live weight 120.867 per cent.

An investigation of the edible portion of various classes of dressed poultry, commenced last year, is being completed this year.

The problem of the feed cost of egg production is being continued for the third consecutive year.

Investigational work on the following problems has also been continued: egg weight as a criterion of production, seasonal variation in weight of eggs, seasonal variation in weight of yolk and albumen in relation to the total weight of egg, and inheritance of weight in eggs.

The lecture course is being revised to meet the needs of specialists desirous of majoring in poultry husbandry.

A number of successful demonstrations in culling farm flocks has been given in various parts of the Province.

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

The Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research has given the Chemistry Department a grant towards the expense of an investigation of soil acidity. Surveys made by Fourth Year students of past years have shown that acidity is very common in the soils of this Province. It is the intention to study the various methods proposed for the measurement of soil acidity and, having selected one or two, to make further surveys in the Province. The relation of acidity to crop growth will also be studied with a view to deciding whether full or partial correction of acidity should be attempted in soils devoted to specific crops or crop rotations.

The services of Mr. Everett A. Carleton, B.S., have been secured for assistance in the soil acidity investigations. Mr. Carleton is a graduate of the Rhode Island State College and since graduation has been successively private assistant to the late Prof. W. T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (and a graduate student in Biology and Public Health), teacher of agriculture and science in a high school in New Hampshire, a private in the United States Army, a chemist in the Dye Works of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, and a chemist in the United States Arsenal at Havre de Grace, Maryland.



Establishing a Holstein Herd in Sherbrooke Co.

A careful study of the principles of breeding is necessary before entering any purebred livestock enterprise. Various questions, such as lines of breeding, individual type, combining conformation and high production must be considered by the breeder. Realizing this, the most important question which confronts us, after deciding on the line we wished to follow, was: Where are we to find animals of both sexes, possessing type conformation and breeding, at a reasonable price? After looking over a few herds near home (Sherbrooke) we decided that we would have to look further before we found stock which fulfilled our requirements, and we then turned our attention to some of the Ontario herds.

In the fall of 1920 we attended the sale of purebred Holsteins held in connection with the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa. Here we found cows of the quality and breeding which we desired being sold at reasonable prices. We bought three cows, one of May Echo Sylvia breeding, another a descendant of the great Lulu Keyes, and a third a 24.9 lb. cow of desirable breeding, who though well up in years was of splendid type and conformation and would give us several good calves before her days of usefulness were over. To these three we added another aged cow, bought near Sherbrooke later in the fall, and with these we decided to make a beginning. We had not yet found a bull which suited us, but, as two of the cows were in calf when bought, and we were given the use of a former Grand Champion Bull at Sherbrooke, we thought we could get along favorably for the first

year. Later we purchased a two weeks old bull calf, sired by a very well bred former champion at Sherbrooke.

Although we have not been in the business long enough yet to have done anything startling, I think that our results have been very satisfactory for the first year. The cow Lulu Keyes Camille, above referred to, was perhaps our best purchase. She won second place in a class of ten dry cows at Sherbrooke this fall, and after dropping a calf the next week was put on unofficial test. Up to date her best day's milk has been 96 pounds. In seven consecutive days she gave 589 pounds, and in thirty days she gave 2,166 pounds of milk. This in spite of cold wet weather which has been with us since she calved.

The bull calf did remarkably well during the past winter and summer, and at Sherbrooke this fall won his class as Senior Bull calf, and then went on to the Junior Championship honors. He was beaten for the Grand Championship by that great show bull of Harvey's, King Segis Alcartra Banks, the only bull in the show to beat him.

Queen Echo Calamity, possessing three fourths the blood of the sire of May Echo Sylvia, also turned in a very good year, milking at her best over 80 pounds per day. She is a young cow and we expect her to do even better this winter.

The other cow we bought at Ottawa fulfilled our expectations by giving us a splendid heifer calf of which we expect good results. She is also milking very well.

As yet we have done no official test-

ing, having decided to leave that until we have had more experience in feeding heavily, and feel that we can give our cows records which will do them credit.

We are new at the game, but our results have so far been highly satisfactory and we hope to go much further in a few years.

W. H. Armitage, Agr. '23.

Montreal Melons and How to Grow Them

The melon, which has become a very important market product in North America, can be divided into two large groups, namely, the cantaloupe, and the nutmeg or netted melon. It is to the latter that the Montreal or "Decary" melon belongs. As the name implies, it originated on the Island of Montreal, Mr. Decary of Notre Dame de Grace being the originator. Its large size — for it is the largest of the netted group — its good flavour as well as its keeping and shipping qualities helped the Montreal melon to become very highly priced in Eastern Canada as well as in New York and Boston. I have known cases where Epicureans had to pay one dollar for a slice of Montreal melon in Boston hotels. Two years ago I had the opportunity to look after a one acre patch of the said melon, in the vicinity of Montreal. Our first crop was sold anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-six dollars a dozen, the whole crop averaging over fifteen dollars. The first melons sold were perfect in shape and in netting, and averaged eighteen lbs. each. Had we had four times the available quantity we would have sold them all, and to the satisfaction of our customers. There is an especially great demand for good melons early in the season, and the man who knows how to get his product early on the market is the

one who gets the cream while others get the skimmilk and the whey.

While there are general cultural practices which apply practically to all of the melon family, one must bear in mind that the Montreal melon is a special product, and its successful growing requires a few specific cares which I shall endeavour to enumerate.

The following cultural method experienced by the writer is the method followed by all successful melon growers on this island.

The melon is very susceptible to frost, and being a long season plant it is of all importance that it be started early and made to secure a foothold very quickly when put in the field. The plants are started either in greenhouses or hotbeds. If in greenhouse, between the first and ninth of April; if in hotbeds, about the end of March. Melons transplant with difficulty and for this reason it is necessary that the roots of the plants be confined to a definite area and treated in such a way as to make the soil adhere to the roots at the time of transplanting. The most common and economical way of doing this efficiently is by using pieces of inverted sod, two inches thick by 4 inches square. These should be collected in the fall and stored for use in early spring. Three to four seeds are sown in each piece of sod and the

squares are placed in the hot bed which should have at least two inches of light rich soil on top of the manure. When started in a greenhouse, berry boxes usually serve the purpose. While in the frames, they should receive the necessary care that is given to hot bed plants. The plants should look healthy, as seen by dark green leaves and robust stems. If checking of growth is allowed to take place the plants will be stunted and the result is a late and small crop.

Although melons can be grown on any kind of rich soils, light, quick, warm soil is the one best suited for its culture. The type of soil is not only a big factor in earliness, but has also something to do with the flavor of the melon, and the Montreal melon is very susceptible to variations in flavor due to the nature of the soil. I have tasted melons grown on a clayey soil which although perfect in shape and netting were practically tasteless. I have also had the pleasure of tasting some grown in a more suitable environment and which made me want to eat the peelings. I believe that strain selection and soil selection can make the quality jump from ten to ninety per cent.

As soon as the land is workable in the spring, it is time to prepare for field transplanting. Trenches are dug the length of the field, from eighteen to twenty inches deep, filled with heating manure and covered immediately with soil. The frames are placed over these, two or more feet apart, and made airtight by surrounding them with soil. The space between the rows of frames varies from ten to twelve feet. As the ordinary garden frame has four sashes, it is customary to plant four squares (pieces of inverted sod in which the plants are growing) to each frame. Sashes should be placed on the frame at least one day before transplanting is

done, so that the soil may be heated up by the manure in the trench and the glass above. The plants are then taken from the hotbed with a flat trowel or wood shingle and transplanted in the frames in the field. It is good policy to mulch the soil in the frames with strawy manure, for it helps to conserve moisture and heat and checks the weeds as well. It is also well to cover the plants with a sheet of newspaper for the first two days. This will retain the heat from below as well as protect the newly-transplanted plant from the hot rays of the sun, and in this way avoid any setback whatever. The writer found that two applications of nitrate of soda, four to five days between each — the strength being $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to 40 gals. of water — did more than pay for the trouble of application. It gave the plants a quicker start, and consequently “nipping” was done a week earlier, and the secondary runners or vines being in turn “nipped” a week earlier, the set of fruit from the third runners was greatly hastened.

Air is admitted in the frames by raising the sides of the sashes with little blocks of wood, regulating it by placing them at the sides or at the ends as the case may be. The amount of air allowed in should be proportional to weather conditions. The frames should be closed at night, until such times as the plants have filled the frames and have sufficiently “hardened off”, by lifting the frames on bricks, blocks of wood or stones, and allowing the runners to go ad libitum. The sashes can then be removed and stored away.

The soil should not be allowed to get so dry that its particles will not adhere together when pressed in the hand. Before the frames are removed watering is best done with a hose to which is connected a small piece of iron pipe. By

sinking the end of the hose in the bottom of the trench, the water does not run off and is somewhat warmer by the time it reaches the roots of the plants. Later in the season any one make of garden overhead irrigator can be used to advantage. This is done by taking the nozzle off the hose and connecting it to the irrigator. A fine spray nozzle attached to the hose will do as well. The best time to spray is in the evening or early in the morning. The ordinary water is too cool as compared with the temperature inside the frames in the middle of a sunny day, and if watering is done at that time the result is scorching or burning of the leaves. It can, however, be done at any time during a cloudy day. In the case of a light warm rain it is well to open all frames and let the rain gradually soak in.

Another very important factor in melon culture is to know how to prune. Good pruning means earliness, and earliness means everything between failure and success. As soon as the plants show signs of three side runners (buds seen in the axils of the leaves) nip the tops of the plant. This will promote growth in the side runners. Nip these again the same way. The third group of runners to come are the ones which bear fruits. Nipping of unnecessary tops can then be done once a week during active growth. When the frames are filled with vines or runners, and have been raised for a few days, it is time to remove the sashes. The frames are kept a little later for the purpose of protection, but are afterwards removed when they are liable to be in the way of the growing melons. A good thing is to pile them up into a fence around the patch. It accomplishes three objects. First, the frames are out of the way. Secondly, it affords protection from the cold winds and gives the sun a chance

to do its work. Thirdly, it hides the patch from public view and in this way prevents many heart-breaking incidents on the part of the grower.

The melon flower being incomplete, that is, the same plant not having male and female flowers, fertilization has to be carried on by insects such as flies, etc. A hive of bees placed near the patch will help nature a great deal in providing for early fertilization.

As the melons grow, they should be turned every two or three days so that the sun may get a chance to reach them from all sides and angles. This prevents rotting and makes for even netting. When they have come to be from four to five pounds in weight, they should be lifted on wood shingles, pieces of glass, stones, or, best of all, bricks. They should be turned over again if good shape and good netting is desired. When they have reached maturity a distinct ring forms around the flattened ends of the stem which is attached to the melon. The food ducts are severed from the plant. This is known as "free slip". It is the melon's way of saying "Pick me up, I'm ready for market."

Only two insects are found to be troublesome to the melon. These are the flea beetle and the striped beetle. As both are very fond of squash leaves, it is a good plan to sow a few squash seeds near the melon field to gather the insects. Bordeaux mixture will repel them to a certain extent. It kills the insects, but the leaves of the melon plant is so hairy that it is very difficult to cover the surface well with any spray. For this reason repellants are used, one of the best being made up of arsenate of lime 1 pt., land plaster 20 pts. The mixture is applied on and around the plants.

Two fungous diseases occasionally visit the melon patch. One is a kind of

damping off fungus which girdles the base of the stem. If the leaves are taken off and the base of the stems exposed to sunlight, it is soon killed out. The other and more disastrous one is what is known as the wilt. The best way to prevent the latter from becoming established is by changing trenches every year as well as burning all melon

refuse as soon as the crop is harvested.

By observing the few points enumerated above and improving on them, there should be no reasons for failures in growing the crop. The demand for this article of food is greater than production. Skimmilk and whey may keep one alive, but cream fattens.



SOME CHOICE MELONS.

-- Our Wider Interest --

Edited by T. E. McOUAT.

Rural School Section.

Dear boys and girls,

This section of the magazine is printed chiefly for the boys and girls in the rural schools of the province of Quebec. The articles in it are written especially for you and we want you to read them. Macdonald College takes an active interest in the boys and girls of the rural schools and for that reason we send out a copy of the magazine to each rural school in the province. We have several reasons for doing this.

First. We want to give you something to read that will be of interest and value.

Secondly. We want to create in you boys and girls an interest in Macdonald College, so that, when you finish your work in the rural school, you will complete your course in an academy; with the aim in view of some day attending Macdonald College in one of its branches, in order that you may fit yourselves to help your own or some other community to get more out of life.

Thirdly. We want you to become regular subscribers and readers of the magazine.

Macdonald College realizes that "the boy is father to the man", and that is why we are interested that the boys and girls of today receive the training which should make them better men and women, capable of helping their neighbors and Canada in general, to live a brighter and happier life.

* * *

Most of you will remember when Mr.

Harold McOuat visited your school and gave you seed and directions on how to plant and care for them; his visits to you in the summer, when he came to see your plots; and the school fairs which he held in the fall. Although he was not able to visit the schools last summer, he is still interested in you, and I have asked him to write an article of interest to the boys and girls, which you will see in this section.

The girls, especially, will remember Miss Crane, as the one who gave them demonstrations on cooking, sewing, etc., and should be interested in her article.

* * *

We do not want you to throw away this magazine when you have read this section. This is only a small portion of the reading-matter, and we want you to read the other parts as well. There are parts of it which should interest every boy or girl, and which will give you an idea of what sort of life we lead here at the college. Every boy and girl should read the account of the initiation of all new students. Boys who are interested in athletics should read the account of our field day and try to jump farther or run faster than our men can. If you are interested in live stock or gardening, look through the magazine and you will find something worth reading.

* * *

We wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging the letter of Edmund Bennett, of Arundel, which we received last spring. It was very interesting and

we hope your Barred Rocks are still keeping up their good work. Perhaps some of your pullets are laying eggs by this time. Write and let us know.

We would be glad to receive more letters from the pupils in the rural schools. Perhaps you could give us some suggestions as to what you would like us to print in this section. Let us know what you are most interested in and we will do our best for you. Remember that we are here to help you, so don't be afraid to write and ask us about anything in which we can be of assistance to you.

A CREED FOR COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

G. C. Creelman, B.S.A., LL.D. Ex-President Ontario Agricultural College.

The Boy's Creed.

1. I believe that life in the Country can be made just as pleasant and profitable as life in the City.

2. I believe that father and I can form a partnership that will suit both of us.

3. I believe that if I kill every weed on my father's farm we shall be well paid by the increased crop alone, to say nothing of the benefit to our neighbours.

4. I believe that by careful selection of our chickens I can double the output of the flock.

5. I believe that by introducing Alfalfa on our farm we can keep twice as many domestic animals as at present.

6. I believe that by keeping twice as many animals, we shall be able to grow much larger crops of Alfalfa and other things.

7. I believe that by planting shade trees, growing flowers and shrubs and by keeping a tidy homestead, we shall be better contented and happier in every way, and our farm will increase in value.

8. I believe not in luck, but in pluck.

9. I believe that farming is a most

honourable calling, and having decided to stay on the farm, it is my duty to make the best use of my time, now, in school, that I may be the better farmer in the days that are to come.

10. I believe in working when I work and playing when I play, and in giving and receiving a square deal in every act of life.

The Girl's Creed.

1. I believe that I have a right to be happy every day.

2. I believe that God's blue sky and God's green earth are a part of my inheritance.

3. I believe that I have a right to love little chickens and ducks and lambs and puppies as well as dolls and ribbons.

4. I believe that I could take care of these things as well as my brother, who does not love them as much as I do.

5. I believe that I should love to keep house better than anything else and I only wish they taught housework at school.

6. I believe that keeping a garden "all my own" would be great fun, and I believe that I could be very happy in giving away the flowers and in cooking the vegetables that I raised myself.

7. I believe that I could study real hard at my Grammar and Geography and Arithmetic and Spelling if I could do cooking or sewing with the other girls in the afternoon.

8. I don't want to go to town and leave my father and mother and my brothers and sisters to live in the country, for I know I should miss them all, and the trees and the creek and the green grass and the old woods and everything, but oh! I don't want to stay at home and do nothing but wash dishes and carry water and do the chores and grow old like Auntie. I want to laugh and love and live.

9. I believe I can learn to sew and

cook and do laundry work and do them well. And I want to learn them and I want to do them well.

10. I believe in the square deal for girls as well as for boys, and I want everybody to be happy all the time -- the old as well as the young.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELVES.

Don't be stingy. Be good to yourselves. There is plenty of good stuff going around, so grab some of it and be the better for having done so. No matter what you are doing, where you are, or what the circumstances happen to be, put all you have into it and determine to come out right. You may have a stiff problem in mensuration—get it. The score is against you, with but two minutes to go — fight all the harder. You're tempted to do what you know is absolutely wrong—tackle that temptation and bring it down hard.

Now as to school. Do you dislike it, or are you afraid to work? The former is usually the result of the latter. Make a point of having your work in hand from day to day. Keep up with the class — don't get behind if you can possibly help it. Be ambitious to come first and don't take pride in being a dunce. On the other hand, don't be a book worm. If you have a tendency that way, fight it. Get out and play with the other boys and girls. Don't be among the class of those who read Macaulay's Essays at Recess. Help your teacher. Don't you realize that she is your friend, that she is deeply concerned in your welfare? Give her a fair chance to help you.

The biggest part of your education is secured out of school. Books play their part, and play it well, but good games are equally as important. To you boys who are seniors, I say this—Get organiza-

tion into your sports. Have you an athletic association in your school? Why not? You say there are not enough boys and girls. Fifteen would make a good healthy one. Three officers are sufficient, — president, vice-president and secretary. To this executive you may add team captains, as they are chosen. Get your pupils together and make up teams. Girls can play soccer, but indoor baseball is a more suitable game for them. Select a first team and play other schools. If possible form a league. However, do not let inter-school games break up your own school league or teams. If you do not believe this scheme is workable, just try it, and be honest in your attempt.

A school literary society gives you an opportunity to practice public speaking. It is remarkable how few people can get up on their feet and speak intelligently. This is a feature in our school life that has been sadly neglected. This society should also look after entertainments and the various types of social functions. Who prepares your closing exercises? As a rule the teacher gives a recitation to an unwilling pupil, who feels that he is being imposed on. Your own Lit. should get up that programme and present it to the Principal for suggestions. This kind of thing makes you feel independent.

To complete an all around programme, you must make a place for religious activities. Go to Church. If you think you're too old for religion, forget it. The older you get, the more you need it. Go to Bible Class or Sunday School. If you're big enough, they won't give you a pretty card to take home, but they'll give you some pretty big thoughts. Don't preach religion, act it. Be straight, work hard, play hard, and always look ahead.

This is pretty big advice. I need it just as much as you do. Be one of those

who is going to give it a try. Be good to yourselves. There is plenty of good stuff going around. Grab some of it.

PLAY, PLAYGROUNDS, GAMES.

Almost everyone knows that children like to play; most people do not mind children playing when there is nothing else to do; but very few realize that children need to play.

Play develops imagination, observation, foresight and forethought, self-reliance, loyalty and self-control, accuracy (thoroughness) and many other things as no work can. Wise guidance in play is most important. Some of our educationists tell us that a child during his play life-time, if he is allowed to play as he wishes, lives all the experiences of an entire adult life and that play is a preparation for the real life struggle. "Give the child a chance to enjoy play well directed, and the possibilities are greater for better men and women and a stronger nation. If a child has played well, he will work well."

Instead of the rough, cramped playgrounds we have for our boys and girls we should have a two acre playground for every one-roomed school; for every intermediate and high school there should be four acres set aside. In many country districts it is impossible to secure that much level land near the school. Where that is so, one acre, if the land can be bought so that the playing ground will be two hundred feet on each side, will do very well. But every school that has ninety pupils or more should have four acres of level playground.

Because of the few pupils in our schools and because of the wretched playgrounds they have it is very hard to do very much to help the boys and girls play games. If all of our schools were as large as the one shown in the picture on the foregoing page and if

each had two acres of land such as the boys in the other illustration are using, we could help them all a great deal.

It is late in the season. It will be late November before you will receive this Magazine; and yet even then you can play all the games that we are going to outline. You should play, you know, at every recess and at noon and you should play hard. Everyone plays best when he has close competition so team games or at least games where you have to jump around a lot are best. We are going to try to give you the rules for some games

- (1) that boys and girls can play together,
- (2) that girls generally play alone but in which the boys can join,
- (3) that boys play alone.

I.—*Games both for boys and girls.*

When you are reading the description, imagine that we are all on your school grounds and that I am showing you how to play the games.

1.—*One Hundred and Forty-Four.*

To start the game I'll take it. All of you line up against the other side of the grounds. I'll stand here in the middle. Are you all ready? All right, I'm going to call out "One Hundred and Forty-Four", and then you all have to run across the field. I'm going to try to catch one of you. All who get safely across wait at the other side until I call out again. The one I catch has to help me catch the others. All who are caught help to catch the rest every time they run across until the last person is caught. The person who was caught first has to take my place in the centre for the second game.

2.—*Cross Tag.*

One of you can take tag. You've just got to say whom you are after and then do your very best to catch

him. While you are chasing him, though, I'll slip in between you and him and then you'll have to run after me. If I feel you're getting close I'll run so as to make somebody cross between you and me or else somebody could cross between us to help me out. Then you would be after that person. Once you touch the one you are after, he has it and he has to start after someone.

3.—*Sick Tag.*

In Sick Tag, too, you have to say whom you are after. When you start after a person, though, none of the rest of us can interfere. If you feel you cannot catch the one you started after you can stop and then yell, "I'm after So & So." You must give warning every time you start to chase anybody. The person you catch has to place one hand on the place where you touched him and keep it there while he chases the others.

II.—*Games for the girls, described by Miss D. M. Hodges.*

Here, girls, are some games that you all can play. They are easy to learn and are lots of fun. Try them. That means that you will play them. Get the boys to help you.

1.—*Pebble Chase.*

I'll start the game going by being Pebble Man first, and then you will all see how it goes. I have a pebble between the palms of my hands. All of you stand over here in a long line facing me with your hands held like mine, palm to palm, but with a little space into which I could drop the pebble as I pass, without the others seeing. As I walk up the line, I'll drop the pebble between someone's hands. If I pass you without giving it to you, keep your eyes wide open and guess who does get it, because you have to chase that girl and catch her before she can get to me

and give me back the pebble. If I do give you the pebble, you mustn't let on. Just pretend I didn't and watch me up the line; I'll pretend I still have it. Then, when you think none of the others are looking, you must dart out of line and run for your life, and try to get to me before any of the others can catch you. I'll try to get to you too. If you succeed in giving me back the pebble before you are caught, then you have the fun of being Pebble Man next time; but if any girl catches you then we both go back to the line and she becomes the Pebble Man.

2.—*Fox and Geese.*

We'll choose rather a big girl for the gander and a very quick, wide-awake girl for the fox. The gander stands with her arms stretched out sideways protecting all the little geese who form a long tail behind her, each holding the shoulders of the one in front.

Mr. Fox faces the gander and says, "Geese, geese, ganie".

The geese reply, "Fox, fox, foxio".

Fox: "How many geese have you today?"

Gander: "More than you can catch and carry away."

Mr. Fox then tries to catch the last goose in the line behind the gander. All the geese, by twisting their line, try to prevent the fox from tagging the last goose. The Fox must dodge and dodge all the time in his efforts to unwind the line and then dart on the goose at the end. When Mr. Fox catches the last goose he changes into the gander—she moves back to the second in line,—and the goose who was caught becomes Mr. Fox.

3.—*Flowers in the Wind.*

We'll divide ourselves into two equal teams. Each team has a home marked off at opposite ends of the grounds, with a long neutral space between. One

of the teams represents the Wind and it will go to its home. We represent Flowers; let us retire to our own home and decide on the name of one particular flower which the other side must guess. "Poppy?" All right. Now we'll run over to the Wind people and stand in a row close by their home but ready to run. They guess, "Rose?" "No". "Daisy?" "No," and so on until at last they guess "Poppy?". We don't wait to say, "Yes", but fly back home as fast as we can. If caught, we have to go as prisoners with the Wind and help to catch the Flowers next time.

III.—*Games for the boys.*

Boys! When you are playing, if you will just throw yourselves into the games, you will enjoy them a great deal.

1.—*Leap Frog.*

With your back to me one of you bend over, and brace yourself with your hands on your knees, and I'll leap-frog over your back. I'll go ahead a few feet and bend over; someone will leap frog over both of us and go ahead and bend over. If there are ten of us playing, the last boy will have nine backs to go over. As soon as the last leap-frogger has gone over the back of the boy who got down first, then that boy gets up and goes over the backs of the other nine. It's great fun to keep this up all around the grounds.

2.—*Post.*

You two biggest boys can be leaders and choose sides. Now, flip a cent to see which side goes down. This one does? Very well; the leader will be the living post. You stand up here against this post and arrange your men to have the stronger ones at the back. Got them arranged? All ready? Now they must bend over one behind the other and clasp one another tightly around the hips. That's it...You're

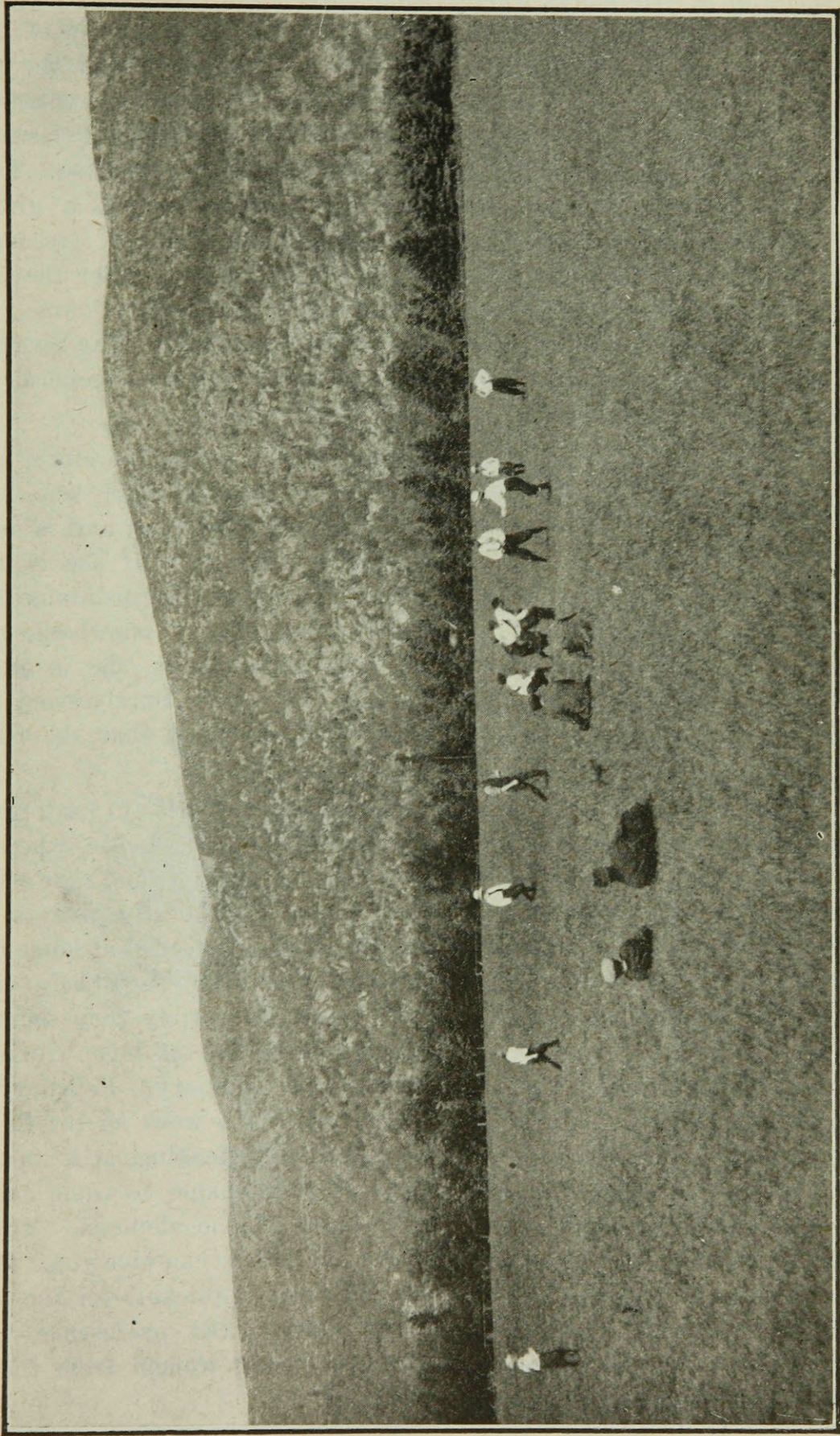
the leader of the other side, eh? All right, arrange your men. What you have to do is to leap-frog as far up as you can on the backs of the side that's down. You've got to have all your men on these men's backs somehow, so you had better send your best men first. When you are all in position on the other fellows' backs, you have to hold up some of your fingers and call out, "Fingers, fingers, how many fingers have I up?" The one next the living post on the side that is down has to guess. If he guesses correctly then your side goes down; if he doesn't guess correctly your side stays up. If the side that's down breaks while you are on their backs, they have to go down again.

3.—*Rough and Tumble.*

To play Rough and Tumble we'll have two of the bigger boys choose sides. What we're going to have is a regular wrestling match. Once a man is put down so that both his shoulders are touching the ground he is out of the fight. The man who put him down, though, can go on fighting. In this game what we've got to do is to fight for all that is in us but fight fairly and, when we are put down, own up to it. The side that gets all the men on the other side down or gets the most men down in a given time wins the game.

4.—*Foot-and-a-half.*

To play Foot-and-a-half, we'll make a mark here and I'll go down. The rest of you have to choose a leader. He should be able to jump pretty well. Now, the game is this:—he leap-frogs over my back and all of you follow him. The man who comes last marks the spot where he lands and I step up to it and bend over there. It's the leader's place to decide how he will take the leap frog. He will likely say, "Standing over", which means that everyone ex-



AN IDEAL PLAYGROUND

cept the last man has to stand back at the first mark and leap-frog over my back from there. The last man can always take a run at it. He marks where he lands and I step up to the new mark. Then the leader stands back at the first mark and says, "Standing over", again, or "Standing broad and over," which would mean that each man has one broad jump and then he must go over my back. The leader always decides how the over is to be taken. The man who can't go over has to take my place and go down. When he goes down the game starts back at the first mark and I go over last and mark where I land.

WHY NOT MAKE USE OF MACDONALD COLLEGE?

We have in our Province one of the most beautifully situated colleges in Canada, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, overlooking the Ottawa River. How many girls living in the rural districts realize that this college really exists, and that among its purposes is one which directly affects them? viz, the advancement of education with particular regard to the interests and needs of the population in the rural districts.

The College is divided into three schools:

The School of Agriculture.

The School for Teachers.

The School of Household Science.

The last is the one to which I should like to draw your attention particularly.

The School of Household Science will give young women a training which will improve their home life, and make it more enjoyable. It also instructs them in household and institutional management, that is, it teaches them how to plan the work of the house or institution so that it may be done in the

easiest and best way and in the shortest time. This training is within easier reach of the girls from rural districts, than those from the cities. Daughters of farmers from the Province of Quebec, get their tuition free and the provincial government grants them a bursary. The only obstacle in most cases is the question of former education. To enter the Homemakers course, a girl must have completed Grade X (second year High School), and to enter the Institutional Administration Course, Grade XI (School Leaving). The Short Course requires only a good general education.

The Short Course, therefore, is open practically to every girl who has entered her eighteen year, and is medically and morally fit. If she is able to read and write the English language acceptably and has a knowledge of elementary mathematics, she is qualified to enter this course. Surely every girl of today will see to it that she has this much education.

Most of the girls I have met in my travels through Quebec, when asked why they do not come and take a Course at Macdonald, generally give as a reason that they are needed at home during certain times of the year to help with the farm work, but surely they should not usually be needed at home during the months of January, February and March, when the work on the farms is, comparatively speaking, at a stand-still. Then is your chance to come and take advantage of the domestic training, which our college can give you. If there are too many applicants for the Winter Short Course, the preference will be given to young women from the rural districts.

The Short Course, naturally, is not so extensive a training as the Homemaker Course, but it gives a girl a good gen-

eral knowledge of Cookery, Housekeeping, Laundry, Sewing, Millinery and Nutrition — things which every girl should know.

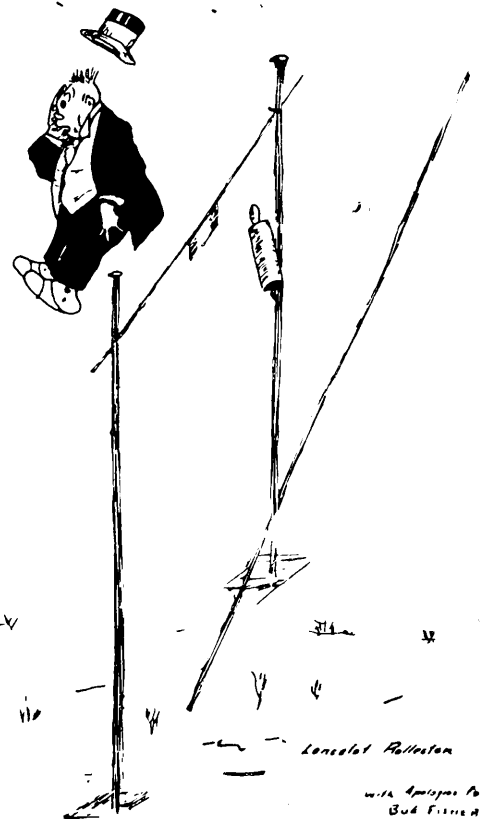
I have travelled through the Province of Quebec doing extension work and know the needs of the farmers' daughters. It is so easy for them to get into

a rut; but if they only realized that it is just as easy to be ambitious and gather knowledge, I know that more girls from the rural districts would use Macdonald College.

S. M. CRANE,

Extension Department

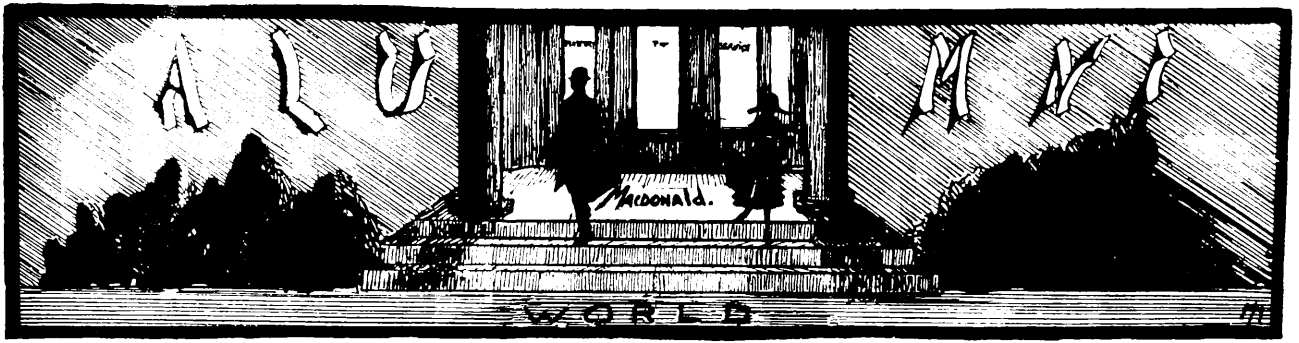
October, 20th, 1921.



SPORTS DAY

Lancelot Patterson

with Amos P.
Bud Finner



Macdonald College Agricultural Alumni Association

The following news items are offered concerning various graduates. They have not been censored by the Class Secretaries, and we assume no liability as to correctness, completeness, etc.

Our genial friend, Dr. A. Savage '11, has left Macdonald and taken the position of Professor of Animal Pathology at Manitoba Agricultural College. His many friends, while regretting his departure, wish him every success in his new field of work.

R. Summerby '11, who has been taking his M. Sc. at Cornell, has returned to take up his duties once more as professor of Cereal Husbandry. We welcome "Bob" back with many congratulations.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ness we offer congratulations upon the birth of a son, on October 19th. Alex is sure a proud dad and the betting is four to one that the boy will be called Robert.

On October 1st, E. M. Ricker '15, was married to Miss Edla Sindholm, at Passiac, N. J. So far as we know, no graduates were fortunate enough to be present although many of them were invited, and no doubt longed to see how "Rick" would behave, and perhaps contribute some extra features to the programme. To Mrs. Ricker who was formerly an instructress at Macdonald, and

to "Rick" who was also on the staff, we offer our sincerest wishes for a long, happy wedded life.

While tolling the death dirge of one bachelor we may as well keep on tolling for the death of another one, Wilfrid Sadler '15. On September 15th he passed away, surrounded by many joyous friends. The cause of his demise is a very charming young lady, Miss Olive E. McLean, an instructress in the University of British Columbia. To "Weary" and his bride we convey, on behalf of all his friends, our best wishes (for nature of same see wishes to Ricker — we refuse to repeat).

Still tolling the bell, we wish to sound the dirge of A. F. Bothwell '17, who was married last June to Miss Jessie Gilbert of Dunham, Que. Miss Gilbert was a former student in the School for Teachers at Macdonald College. To "Alec and his bride we wish to convey our best wishes (for nature of same see first dirge.)

While we are at it, we might as well keep on. Mr. August E. G. Wood '17 was married to Miss Lydia M. Williams of Ormstown. Miss Williams was a former Macdonald Student. To them we also sincerely wish (for nature of same see above).

The word dirge is only used to delude

bachelors — the writer is married.

J. Sydney Dash '13, in spite of his desire to live in a warm climate, has returned to Canada, having accepted a position with the Tobacco Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

W. J. Reid '11 and J. K. King '13, recently paid a flying visit to Macdonald College. They report everything as being quite encouraging "way down east". It surely brought back old times to see these old veterans and to hear the hearty laugh for which they are both noted.

W. E. Ashton, '20, was another recent visitor. He reports enthusiastically on behalf of the Jerseys which he is booming day and night. Ashton seems to be prospering, for his appearance indicates a contented mind in a contented body. We are sure he feels satisfied he is engaged in a good cause.

The following item speaks for itself:

"Mr. and Mrs. William Wickings announce the marriage of their daughter Glenna Meriline to Mr. Lawrence J. Westbrook, on Saturday, October the twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, Batavia, New York."

Congratulations!

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The writer of these notes took a trip to the West this summer and met several fellows, who one and all wished to be remembered to their friend "back home". Our friend Gordon Wood, Professor of Animal Husbandry at Manitoba College, was as usual the soul of kindness and showed me around the buildings and fields with just pride. He then took me to the residence and there I met Mrs. and Miss Wood, both charming ladies. Gordon then took me to supper. I know he wondered why I ate so much but I never told him. Well, Gordon, when you read this

please remember I had had no dinner that day.

Arriving at Vancouver, I then entered upon the second half of my journey, which consisted of a walk from the end of the car line to the Point Grey farm of the University of British Columbia. Car lines always stop a long piece from anywhere, but had I not expected to see friends who could revive me I never could have made the trip. On arrival I wandered around until I entered a building where many sheaves were hanging. As I hesitated a voice said "Hello". With a cry of rapture I embraced our old friend "Russ" Derrick, who looked hale and happy. After the usual catechism had been gone through, Russ decided to show me how to get back to Vancouver, and I rode back in state in the college jitney over the famous scenic marine drive. With his aid I soon met more friends. Gordon Moe, Wilfrid Sadler and Walter Jones, all of them in the best of health and spirits.

Later on, at the University Club, I met Scotty Lothian, who is stationed inland at Mission, where he carries on work for the Soldiers' Settlement Board. Scotty persuaded me to drive back to Mission with him in his Ford and I went. From the standpoint of speed and scenery the drive was an undoubted success. From the standpoint of thrills it was a winner, for Scotty had four or five boxes of explosives, a can of gasoline, two old tires, a valise and *me* in the bus. The thrill came from being alive as long as it lasted. I came to understand the movie phrase — "flirting with death". On arrival at Mission we proceeded to Scotty's "shack", where he leads a life of blessed singleness. Perhaps, to be truthful, I should say tripleness, for two kittens assisted him to keep house. There in the shade.

at the front of the abode, with the rambler roses rambling, the kittens playing, the patient Japs working in their strawberry plantations, across the road, and Mount Baker towering above the snow line in the distance, we renewed old times and talked till the pangs of hunger caused us to renew the inner man. Scotty's modest descriptions of his work and difficulties gave me the impression that he was no loafer and that the people under his care would receive genuine assistance.

Shortly before I left I met Bert Matthews, but only for a few minutes. Bert is working for the Soldiers' Settlement Board and several people told me he is a hustler. That same contagious smile is probably helping to bring results.

The genial Gordon, with my life-saver "Russ", showed me over the cereal plots. For the time the work has been under way wonderful results have been accomplished. I was also able to visit the dairy, which being under the supervision of our friend "Weary" Sadler, was so clean and well kept I was afraid to enter.

I regret that I did not see W. Middleton, Geo. Boving and W. Newton. The latter has entered wedded life and is said to be under the control of a very charming young lady.

* * *

About thirty-five graduates attended one or more of the functions of the McGill Centenary Reunion. Among those who were able to attend the Class Dinner in the Rose Room of the Windsor

Hotel were Arnold, Sweet, Summerby Lods, Raymond, A. R. Ness, Maw, Major, Richardson, R. Reid, Daly, Duporte, Grindley, Hatch, J. H. McOuat, Hyndman, Lyster, Hodge, Evans, Mitchell, and J. E. McOuat.

For the first time agricultural graduates of McGill took their place at an official function, along with the graduates of the other faculties. It is true they made a very small showing, but it is felt that at least a small beginning was made towards obtaining the recognition which has so far been denied the graduates in Agriculture. Every graduate should remember that he is a graduate of McGill and should make this known whenever circumstances warrant it.

Class '21 Notes.

J. K. Richardson, T. G. Major and Miss Dorothy Newton, are taking up post-graduate studies at Macdonald College. They are continuing their work in Plant Pathology.

J. F. Hockey and A. R. Milne have positions in the Plant Pathology Laboratory, St. Catherines, Ont. P. R. Simmonds has secured a position in the Department of Plant Pathology at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. C. R. Bradford has a position at the Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta. S. J. Hetherington is with the Department of Agriculture of Saskatchewan. He is stationed at Regina. C. J. Watson has a position in the Chemical Laboratory of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.



Agricultural Undergraduates

Mr. L. A. Gnaedinger, '23, who was one of the most popular of the boys at the college during the past two years has decided not to return to Macdonald this year. "L. A." will be greatly missed by all students as he was a leading figure in many of the student activities, especially in those connected with music. "L. A." and his cello provided many an evening's entertainment for the boys and we sincerely hope that he will change his decision and continue his studies again at Macdonald next year.

Mr. A. W. Hobart, '24, is at present located at his home in Montreal. It is understood that he has decided not to continue his studies in Agriculture but is contemplating taking Arts at McGill. We are sorry that he has decided not to return to Macdonald. At the same time we wish him every success in his new course of study.

Mr. E. B. Chaplin, '23, paid a brief visit to the college to renew old acquaintances a short time ago. He spent most of his time in travelling during the summer but is now recuperating at his uncle's in Rougemont, Que. Charlie had many pathetic yet interesting experiences to relate, many of which were too sacred for words.

From a student at Macdonald to managing the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary farm is quite a jump, we must admit. Yet Cliche, '22, has accomplished this feat. It must certainly be very interesting work and is something of a new departure. Since nobody has seen Mr. Cliche on the job we must take his word for it that he is actually managing the farm, and is not engaged in any other capacity.

It is unfortunate that pressure of work at home prevented Doug. Brad-

ford, '24' from returning to college this year as it means a decrease in the already small numbers of Class '24. It also means that the college loses a good athlete. Doug. was a member of last year's college baseball team and was also an excellent boxer. We sincerely hope that he will be with us again next year.

A short time ago the noble figure of M. R. Cooper, '23, was seen walking aimlessly along St. Catherine St., Montreal. He is still the same old "Coop" and still follows his favorite pastime, fussing. At present he is employed as an inspector by the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company. In this connection he expects shortly to be sent to the University of Syracuse to take a special course in pulp-making.

R. Thomson (Spud), '23, has left the comparatively easy life of the student in order to engage in that more arduous task, farming. He is located in the vicinity of Rougemont. We unite in wishing him every success in his new venture and will follow his progress with interest.

Q. Bliss, '23, who, it will be remembered, played on the college football team in the fall of 1919, is now in his second year medicine at Queen's University. He has still many pleasant recollections of the days he spent at Macdonald, and intends to pay a visit to the college to renew old acquaintances some time in the near future.

Arty Heslop, '23, is at present at home after having spent a strenuous summer in the west. Class '23, loses a splendid man in "Arty" as he played on practically all of their class teams in every branch of sport. He also played on the college basketball team. It is to be

hoped that he will continue his studies at Macdonald next year.

Class, '23, has been singularly unfortunate in losing many of their best men this year. G. D. Matthews, '23, is one of them. He spent the summer working at Kenogami, but is now at home in Lachute. It is understood that he intends to return to college next year.

Jack Pewtress, '22, still continues to turn up in the most unexpected of places and confirms in us the belief in the old saying "that you cannot keep a good man down." When last seen he was engaged in a death struggle with a 3-year old heifer in the show ring at the Ottawa Fair in September. Fortunately

for "Jack" he managed to scramble out on top.

Ted Salley, '22, manages to find time in which to pay a short visit to the college occasionally, and only a few days ago rattled up to the door of the men's residence in a "tin Lizzie" in order to give a little advice to the Freshmen. We may also take it for granted that he has the girls under observation.

C. Drummond, '23, has gone into partnership and is operating a truck farm at Senneville. He is putting the knowledge gained at college to practical use and is meeting with splendid success. We wish him the best of good luck.

Teachers' Alumni

Miss Ruth Barrett, of class 1920-21, is teaching in Earl Gray School, Montreal.

Miss Margaret Benvie who graduated in June 1921, is teaching in King's School, Westmount.

Miss Isabel McEwen and Miss Jean Black, of Westmount, of the last year's Model Class, are teaching in Berthlet School, Montreal.

Miss Jean Aylen and Miss Lorna Mowat, of Class 1920-21, are teaching in Royal Arthur School, Montreal.

Miss Olive Paul, a last year's graduate, is teaching in Alfred Joyce School, Outremont.

Miss Edith Hodge is teaching in Stratheona School, Outremont. Miss Hodge is a graduate of the Model Class 1920-21.

Miss Winnifred Lee, Miss Ella Beach and Miss Bessie Halsey, all graduates of class 1920-21, are teaching in Kensington, Notre Dame de Grace. Miss Lorna Wheatley, of Class 1921, is teaching in Riverside School, Montreal.

WLAS



-- Faculty Items --

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

Every once in a while we are impressed with the precocity of some of the B. C. writers. Despite their ignorance of the theory of relativity they possessed an astounding facility in hitting the nail on the head. Take as an example the foregoing quotation. Written as it was long before the oldest of us had yet entered school, let alone college, it better fits the situation that it is my painful but pleasant task to deal with at this time than could anything that I might write.

Changes are among the most prominent features of college life, changes in student body and changes in staff. And, in so far as the first number of the Magazine is concerned, the duties of the "Faculty Items" man, whose duty it is to record changes, to partake not so much of a reportorial character as of the character of work usually associated with the offices of compilers of directories.

Changes in the personnel of the staff, which have come more or less generally, are borne in upon the unfortunate compiler in an overwhelming wave when he comes to reckon up the results of even a single season's activities — so much so, in fact, that he finds great difficulty in controlling simultaneously his pen and his feelings. It is a task filled with difficulties to search out apt words and phrases with which to clothe one's an-

nouncements, while one is manoeuvring in such a manner as to drop elsewhere than on the printer's copy the furtive tear occasioned by the departure of old friends, or considering joyfully the unfathomed opportunities for new friendships offered by the coming into our midst of the new members of the staff to whom we have the privilege of extending a welcome.

The Changes.

But enough of maudlinism! As What-d'ye-call'im said, "This way lies madness." So without more ado we plunge into a recital of the goings and comings of members of the staff, of the changes of which I think we've already spoken:

Miss L. M. Bailey, formerly instructor in Drawing and in Household Art, severed her connection with the college at the close of last session and is opening a studio at her home in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

Miss May Pomeroy has joined the staff in Miss Bailey's place as an instructor.

Mrs. Helen F. Hobbs, a graduate of the Chelsea College of Physical Education, Chelsea, England, has been appointed Instructress in Physical Training, to succeed Miss Margaret L. Brackett who resigned at the close of last session to return to her home in England.

Miss U. Gladys Westerman, a graduate of the Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y., has joined the Household

Science Staff as Instructor in Domestic Art. Before coming to Macdonald College, Miss Westerman was for three years instructor in Homemaking in LeRoy High School, New York State.

Miss Francis Snider, of Kitchener, Ontario, has been added to the Household Science Staff as instructor in the department of foods and cookery. Miss Snider is a graduate of Toronto University and since her graduation has been taking post-graduate work in New York hospitals.

Miss Grace M. England, B.A., joined the teaching staff of the Macdonald High School at the beginning of the present session.

Miss M. E. Scott, who last year acted as Housekeeper, has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of Residences, to succeed Miss Isobel Jameson who was called home to attend her mother in her illness.

Miss Constance M. Sutton, O.B.E., is the new Housekeeper. Miss Sutton is a graduate of Seaton College, Shropshire, England, and saw three years overseas service with the Q.N.A.A.C. Before coming to Macdonald College, Miss Sutton was engaged as Food Supervisor and Housekeeper of the Paddington Infirmary, London, Eng.

Miss Forshaw, a nurse of the Victorian Order, is joining the extension department of the School of Household Science. Miss Forshaw is merely being loaned by the V. O. N. and will be unable to stay more than a month or two.

Dr. Alfred Savage, our popular veterinarian, has gone to Manitoba Agricultural College, where he has received the appointment of Professor of Animal Pathology and Provincial Veterinarian. Dr. Savage's going is a real loss to the community. His charming personality no less than his professional ability made of him a valued member of the

staff, while his fondness for bridge, his capacity for tea and his facility in wriggling his ears made for him a place in the Bachelor Club that it will be difficult to fill.

He has been succeeded as Veterinarian by Raymond L. Conklin, D.V.M. (Cornell). Before joining the college staff, Dr. Conklin saw service in the U.S. Army Vet. Corps, and practiced in Syracuse and in Bainbridge, N. Y. Dr. Conklin brings with him to the community Mrs. Conklin and their two kiddies.

Mr. J. G. Coulson, M.A., (Queen's) has been appointed as lecturer in Botany to succeed Mr. Walter Biffen. Mr. Coulson is an enthusiastic follower of football news and reads the Toronto Globe every day. But it is as a singer that he is destined to achieve fame on the campus.

The signing partner of Mr. Coulson is Mr. Louis G. Heimple, B.S.A. (O.A.C.) who has been placed in charge of the department of Farm Mechanics during the sick-leave of Mr. E. E. Emberley. Mr. Heimple was formerly with the Agricultural School at Kemptville, and has reason to be glad of his stay in that delightful community.

Mr. C. E. Lampman, B.S.A. (Wisconsin) is the new Poultry Extension Man. He is enthusiastic and is engaged on valuable work, and should go far if he can but overcome the prevailing tendency of members of his department toward lateness in coming to meals.

Mr. Everett A. Carleton of Havre de Grace, Md., has joined the staff as research assistant in chemistry. Mr. Carleton is a graduate in science of Rhode Island State College, and before coming to Macdonald College was with the U. S. Chemical Warfare Department, at Edgewood, Md.

Higher Degrees.

A revival of learning has been in progress among members of the Staff during the past year. Degrees have been distributed to the workers from universities widely separated, and to the fortunate recipients we extend congratulations.

Mr. E. M. Duporte, B.S.A., M.Sc., lecturer in Entomology and Zoology, received the degree of Ph.D. from McGill University, following postgraduate studies in Invertebrate Morphology and in Parasitology.

Mr. J. B. McCarthy, B.A., M.Sc., Assistant Professor of Chemistry, had the degree of D.Sc. conferred upon him *in absentia* by King's College last Spring.

Miss M. E. Kennedy, B.A., Assistant in Bacteriology, had the degree of M.Sc. conferred upon her by McGill University, following postgraduate studies taken in the Bacteriology Department.

Mr. M. A. Jull, M.Sc., Manager of the Poultry Department, has resumed his duties at the college after a year spent in the Department of Eugenics, University of Washington, in studies leading to the degree of Ph.D.

General News.

We are sorry to have to report the ill-health of Prof. W. Lockhead. Prof. Lockhead has been suffering from heart disease and has gone with Mrs. Lockhead to Clifton Springs, N.Y., where he intends spending a couple of months recuperating. He expects to be back

in harness for the second term this year.

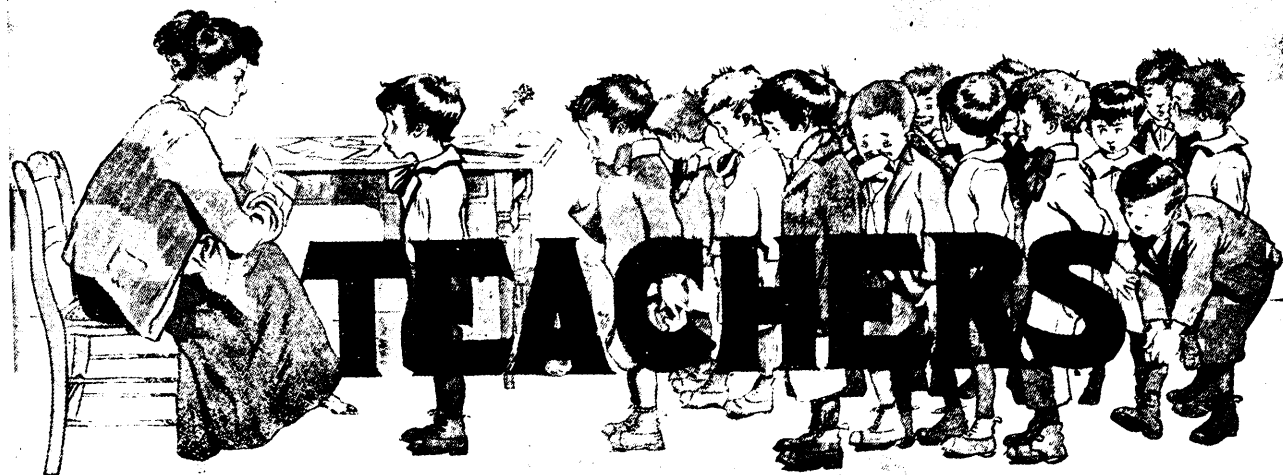
Mr. G. E. Emberley has been granted a year's sick leave from his duties as head of the Mechanics Department. It is hoped that by the end of this time Mr. Emberley will have completely recovered from the effects of his recent illness.

There is one announcement, however, the making of which gives us nothing but delight. This is an announcement of the arrival of a new member of the staff for whom it was not necessary to make room by the dismissal of another member. This new addition or edition, made a place for himself. He is of the Ness fraternity. We understand that the new Mr. Ness bids fair to be the "Big noise" on Riverside Drive, and rumor has it that a special chair is being established at Macdonald College for his benefit.

Another announcement that we have pleasure in making to an astonished campus is that Mr. E. G. Hood, of the Department of Bacteriology, and Miss Florence Buzzell, of the Household Science Extension Department, took advantage of the fine weather this summer to engage on the matrimonial voyage. They are now At Home in the Macdonald College Apartments.

As the Hoods took the last remaining apartment in the Love Nest, all further marriage engagements among members of the staff are hereby declared cancelled.





Kae Yae yipaki,
 Kae yae yip,
 Teachers, teachers,
 Rip! rip! rip!
 Lever tever ta wah,
 Lever tever ta,
 Models, models.
 Rah Rah! Rah!

Another new college year has well started on its way and everyone is glad to know that there are more teachers this year than in the previous years, the number, this year, being about 150.

It is hoped that this will be the best year yet and that we will be able to do more for the College than has been done before.

From Nightmares to Realities

To be really accurate, the student teacher's day begins the night before. The lights go out just at the sickening moment, when you have discovered that you did have work to prepare for tomorrow after all. Your next recollection is of forty-nine giggling, shuffling, chattering, human wrigglers to whom you are teaching true Parisian French, with a special English pronunciation of your own. Twenty of them speak French themselves, while even the other twenty-nine know perfectly well that you can't speak it. To complete the picture, and without whom no schoolroom is complete, are the professors. More blessed when absent than present! The long-dreaded, hoped-

for-never-forgotten moment has arrived. You have said every French word you know. The observing staff look at you expectantly, probably privately wondering how many new French words you will invent before the completion of the lesson. The class itself is motionless, with their eyes fixed upon you, so you can't fill in time by reproving them. You look at your watch, ten minutes more—ten minutes more! Heavens! What shall I say? You rack your brain for a chance question to ask. Hopeless, all French has fled. Your notes are not to be seen. Nine minutes left—when Lo! the chimes of the riser break the spell. You catch your breath and as you open your eyes,

your first glance takes in those picturesque blue uniforms spread out nearby in a conspicuous spot.

Having donned your uniform, and reached the dining-room, you hastily partake of hot dogs and cold coffee. After you return to your room, you give one wild dash of powder to your nose with one hand, and with the other, grab your time table, quickly gather your books under your arm, and start off on your journey of "upstairs and down", at the top of the third flight. You run through the tunnel giving a last desperate glance at your watch. One minute more—only three flights left to climb. You reach the lecture room door, with flying hair and panting breath, to discover that there is loads of time to spare yet. At last, the four lectures and the forenoon are over. Then comes the happy moment, when you advance slowly but hopefully towards your mail box. You take out your letter with high hopes, and discover that it is a college bill!

The dinner hour is made enjoyable by the prospect of practice teaching that is before you at 1.30 p.m. You start off for the High School, with your courage at the highest point and almost reach there, when you discover you have forgotten your lesson plan. Of course, you must have it, and of course you go back after it. Finally you reach Grade III classroom, congratulating yourself on the excellent way your brain is work-

ing, if you have forgotten nothing more.

Your lesson, say, is on "The Habits of the House Fly." You begin by sweetly asking the children what they can tell you about a fly. One little two by four jumps eagerly to his feet with, "Please, Miss, I know where the flies go in the winter time." He gives all the first verse, while all the class join in the chorus. Just at this propitious moment, like Wordsworth, "Our hearts leap up when we behold"—two professors at the door. After the dear pupils have subsided of their own sweet will, you carry on painfully and conscientiously through all interruptions, to the bitter end. Then with a wholehearted sigh of relief you try to vanish as swiftly as spirits from the sight of all who witnessed the act in which you played the role of a clown.

The remainder of the day is filled with ecstasy because of the knowledge that you have passed through the fire once more; scorched perhaps, but not burnt. After two more lectures and an extra three-quarters of an hour religious instruction thrown in for good measure, our working day is finished until the next nightmare. As soon after four p.m. as possible, we doff our uniforms with one accord, and with them all our worries and past recollections of our misfortunes. Then for a few happy hours we forget the role we play from 8.30 a.m. to 4.45.

— Vivian M. Blake.

Canadian Girls in Training

Did you ever wake up suddenly one day to the fact that, although things seemed to be going on in the same old stereotyped way, there was something wrong in your life, that something was

lacking? You went your daily rounds of duties and pleasures but to what end?

What is the good of it all? We go to school maybe and study; we go to

church; we go to parties; we go for walks and countless other things; but do we appreciate all that those things hold for us? If we are serious enough to dig deeper, to get beyond just asking, why? We will soon find out that that something which seems to be lacking is a definite purpose in all that we do. The *Canadian Girl in Training Programme* has given us this much needed aim. Not only has it done this, but it has given us a definite, well mapped out programme for the carrying out of this aim.

"Canadian Girls in Training" is not just a fad or a new organization as some think, but is just what the name implies, Canadian girls in training for the future, and for service in the future. The Canadian Girl in Training programme is one especially adapted to the needs of teen-aged girls and is carried out through a mid week meeting of their Sunday School Class. Each class is called a group and each group has its own leader, president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Everything is carried on in a most businesslike manner. The ideal fourfold aim it gives us is,—"To be at our best, physically, intellectually, religiously and socially." This you see is not only a purpose for us while teen-aged girls, but gives us a high ideal for a life of service. In order really to get the benefit of this and in order really to understand what C.G.I.T. means one must live the C.G.I.T. programme. It seems to fit so well into our lives and gives us such a definite allround purpose, that we feel it will help us to train our lives so as to be of much better service in the future than we otherwise would have been.

In order to carry out this programme we have each week, a mid-week and Sunday session of the group. At the Sunday session, which is of course our

Sunday School class, we try to develop one side of the aim, namely the *Religious*, and at the mid week session the other three sides, namely the *Physical*, *Intellectual* and *Social*. If we feel as a group we are not up to the standard physically, we plan for snow shoe tramps, hikes and picnics. For the Intellectual side we have talks given us on various subjects such as:—First Aid, Talks on Books, Music and other subjects which we feel as a group we know much too little about. And lastly the social side. Now we never thought that to go out and have an evening's fun was to be of any real benefit to us, but now with this as part of our aim, we feel that even there we are developing in still another way. For this side we have banquets and social evenings with other groups, and, best of all, we have "summer camps". Unless you have been to one of these, or some other such camp, you cannot fully understand how much the social development helps. Here each summer we meet together, representatives of each group, and for two whole weeks live together the C.G.I.T. programme. Out in the great out-of-doors we bathe, hike, paddle and build campfires to our heart's content. Here we are also divided into groups, and camp from beginning to end in just one big inter-group contest. We contest, as groups, for the best name, song, yell and motto, for land and water sports, for tent inspection and the countless other things we manage to do in those two short weeks.

This programme is not only one we carry out two days in the week. It is a programme which affects us daily. Perhaps if left to ourselves we would be very enthusiastic while at the meetings, but as soon as they were over forget all our good resolutions and fall back to where we were before, thus not getting

the real benefit we should. Here the C.G.I.T. programme comes to our aid again. In order that this may not happen it has mapped out for us "code cards" which are to be marked daily by every C.G.I.T. girl. Although the things on these cards seem trifling we know they are just the things we are so apt to neglect. There are fifteen resolutions for each day based on the four-fold aim. For instance, for the *Physical*, we are to get an average of eight hours rest each night with windows open, and drink a glass of cold water on rising. For the *Intellectual*, we are to read or study at least half an hour each day and read out at least fifteen minutes "current events". For the *Religious*, we are to attend church and Sunday School on Sunday; and lastly, for the *Social* side, attend the mid-week meet-

ing of our group. These are just a few examples of the things that the code calls for along the fourfold aim. Then there are other things, such as being on time for school, meals, etc., keeping our rooms tidy, and remembering our offering for church—all these little things we are so apt to forget, and yet are so important if we wish to be a real "Canadian Girl in Training"

Thus you see that "Canadian Girls in Training" is not an organization but a programme, not only a weekly meeting but a daily schedule for teen-aged Canadian girls. This programme although new to us yet, is being accepted all over Canada as the missing link in the development of the *Canadian Girls* of to-day — the *Canadian Women* of to-morrow.





Miss Whitton's Address

An address by Miss Charlotte Whitton, M. A., Secretary to the Canadian Council of Social Service, was the chief item on the programme of the first open meeting of the Home Economics Club, which was held on the evening of September 28th.

Miss Philp, honorary president of the Club, opened the meeting with a few words of introduction of welcome to the guests.

A much appreciated organ recital by Mr. Musgrove preceded the address of Miss Whitton, who spoke on "The Social Aspects of Canadian Woman's Citizenship". The speaker pointed out that owing to the loss of men in the war, positions of responsibility in Canada are now being filled ten or twelve years sooner by the younger people. We often hear, "To take up the task that they have left." The task they left was never theirs, for their task was finished before they were called away.

Thus facing Canada today are many pressing and serious problems; and among them is that of living conditions. Social work is an effort to better these conditions, firstly, by bettering the in-

dividual and society, and secondly, by bettering the individual for society.

The division of the work in which the speaker is most interested is that of child-welfare which itself divides into many fields: child health, child labour, the child in need of special care, the education and regulation of the child, and the ethical, spiritual and moral development of the child. Miss Whitton discussed each point and explained the extent of the openings for women in the Dominion for such social work, which is really the index of a nation's civilization. As an illustration for the need of helpers, statistics were given and they, we regret, showed us that social conditions are lower in our own province than in any other in Canada. There is a tremendous need for the women of today to help raise the standard of Canada; and the first steps must come in the bettering of living conditions.

As you go through Canada from one end to the other, a land of plenty and beauty, you must feel that it is a Dominion magnificent and worth working for and belonging to. Ours! And it is

for the people of today to make this Dominion worthy of those who bravely gave their lives that we might "carry on" to better things.

The Home Economics Club is indeed

to be congratulated on obtaining Miss Whitton's services and thus the means of a more enjoyable and profitable meeting which was brought to a close with the college song.

— Eleanor Creelman.

Getting the Most Out of Life

"I am the master of my fate.

I am the captain of my soul."

Somehow these lines have been ringing through my head a great deal in the last few days, as I begin to realize what college will mean to us all.

Are we realizing today that we are a part of the big busy world, and that everything we do can influence someone for the better? Do we realize there are boundless opportunities on a smaller scale for many problems that we will meet later in life? Are we remembering that as we shape our lives, so shall they be, and it rests with us whether we will make the most of our opportunities?

Perhaps some are skeptical about our ambitions, and aspirations. They doubt the influence and part which these play toward the ultimate goal.

To those I want to tell a little story of what ambition did.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, about the time when our fathers spent their Saturday afternoons in the wood shed, there was an Indian who had an ambition.

Now his ambition was a strange one, he longed to own a hearse. So he planned, and worked, and finally bought a shiny black hearse with two black horses that had long purple plumes attached to their manes. And the first thing he did was to put his whole family into the hearse, climb up on the box, and drive through the town.

Somehow, I think that Fate had been watching this strange ambition, so sure enough opportunity lurked around the corner. It was in the form of a motion-picture company who saw this outfit, and therefore engaged the Indian, and, all his family, for the novelty.

Well — ambition just hasn't any stopping place, and today somewhere out on the western coast live three happy Indian girls with the old Chief who wouldn't sit in the wind, in a big white stucco "wigwam" with green shutters that open to look out upon the Pacific.

And remember he was only an Indian with an ambition to ride in a hearse.

Are we making our tasks equal to our powers, or are we trying to make our powers equal to our tasks?

FIJI.

Benderici.

Old Girls

Honor Gifford, Senior Administrator '21, is in training as pupil dietitian at the Robert Lang Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The marriage of Mildred Harmer, Senior Administrator '20, to Mr. Donald E. White took place on October 12th. at Norton, N.B.

Malbel Boulden, Senior Administrator '19 is now teaching a kindergarten class in her home town, Windsor, N. S.

Bessie Carruthers, Senior Administrator '19, visited the College on Oct. 18th. We are always glad to see our old girls.

Mary Mowatt, Senior Administrator '19, is teaching in Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, New-Brunswick.

Jean Fraser, formerly dietitian of Ste. Anne's Military Hospital, is now dietitian at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, N.S.

The marriage of Jean N. Coltart, Homemaker '18, to Mr. L. L. Miller, took place at Melville Church, Westmount, on October 15th.

Mary Brummell, Senior Administrator '19, has opened a tea room "The Doll's House" in Ste. Annes. We wish "Mary" good luck.

Hattie Pearson, Senior Administra-

tor '21, after managing the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria in Montreal during the summer, has gone west for a holiday.

Doris Anderson, Homemaker '19, is in training in the Montreal General Hospital. We wish "Do" every success.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Miss Tubman ("Tubby"), Homemaker '19, who was in training at the Toronto General Hospital.

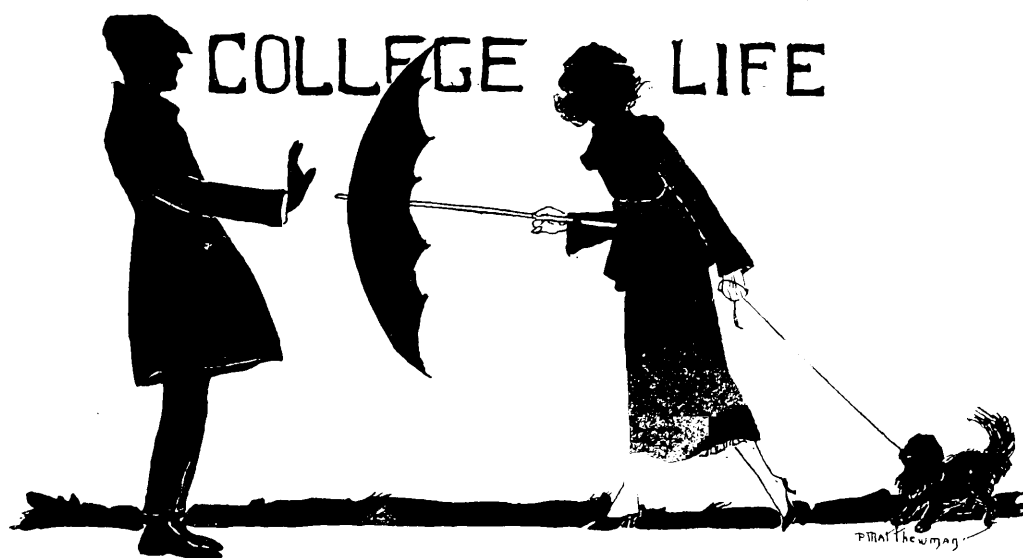
Helen Murray, Senior Administrator '19, has just finished her pupil dietitian's course at the Toronto General Hospital and is now taking a well earned rest with her parents.

Alice Aikman, Homemaker '19, visited the College and remained for the Saturday night dance. Come again, "Alice"!

Marjorie Day, Homemaker '21, is teaching Domestic Science in Vancouver, B. C.



THIRD YEAR HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE



Student Organizations.

Literary and Debating Society.

Under the leadership of Mr. M. MacLennan, the Lit. promises to take as prominent a part in student activities, this winter as it has done in the past. As soon as possible after the re-assembling of the students in Agriculture, the President of the Society called a meeting of all the members to elect officers to several vacant positions on the executive. At a meeting of the executive committee a few days later the programme of literary activities for the year was discussed. It was decided that there would be the usual inter-class debates in the School of Agriculture, the debate between the School for Teachers and the School of Household Science, and the elocutionary and public speaking contests. It was also thought that there might be a possibility of organising a dramatic entertainment to take place some time during the second term of the College year.

All musical activities have this year been placed under the control of a special executive committee which has no connection with the executive committee of the Literary Society. The latter will thus be able to concentrate all its energies on activities of a strictly literary nature and will be relieved of some of

the responsibilities which it has hitherto had to bear.

Social Activities and Music.

A special committee has been elected by the students this fall to assume all responsibilities in connection with social and musical activities of the student body. This committee is composed of four members, two being representatives of the women students and two of the men students, one of the latter being the chairman. This position is at present being filled by Mr. H. W. Brighton.

It has long been felt that such a committee was absolutely necessary to keep these branches of student activity at the highest possible standard, and it is the general opinion that there are no others better fitted to undertake this work than Mr. Brighton and his assistants.

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Last year it was decided by the student body that the activities carried on by the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. respectively should be amalgamated under the control of a single organization. The constitution of the association was drawn up and was adopted at the first meeting of the student body this year. This association, known as

the Students' Christian Movement of Macdonald College, is now one of the recognised and established student organizations of the College.

The following officers were elected for the year 1921-22:

Honorary President, Rev. Mr. D. McLeod; Honorary Vice-President, Mrs. Harrison; President, Wm. B. Gerhardt; 1st Vice-President, Miss A. W. Laidlaw; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Mildred Chadsey; Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. K. A. Hay.

There have been no definite plans made yet for the work to be undertaken by the Student Christian Movement this year. It is hoped, however, that during the year special "sing-song" services will be held at which all students will be expected to be present, and that from time to time there will be special services and special work carried on by the men and women respectively, under the auspices of their own working committees.

We hope that all students will take an interest in and help in carrying out the prospective plans for the ensuing year. There is one way while at college by which we can broaden our ideas and enlighten our thoughts, and that is by attending the meetings of the organizations and associations of our Alma Mater.—W. B. G.

'25

The Freshmen came in this year nine strong, specially favoured by having in their number one of the fair sex. Although they seemed very timid at first, as all well-behaved freshmen should be, they began to feel at home after initiation was over, knowing that the worst had happened.

At their initial meeting they elected their officers for the year. Here's the line up:

Hon. Pres., Dr. Lynde, one of their

"guardian angels;" Pres., "Seedy" Fogerty; Vice-Pres., "Sir Herbert" Angell; Sec'y-Treas., Steve Walford. House Committee: Ewan McMurtrie, Ken. McTavish; Sports Convenor, C. D. Fogerty. Lit. President, "Slim" Hill.

They are all enthusiastic about the work and sports, and promise to make up in quality what they might lack in quantity.

We eat 'em dead—eat 'em alive.

M-A-C. 1-9-2-5.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '24.

Class '24 embarks on its Sophomore cruise with two of the original crew missing, but with that never-ending will to accomplish still predominant. Exhibiting a regular difference in numbers—first nine, then seven, now five—it is able to lay claim to the honour of being the smallest Sophomore year ever in residence at MAC. The Class sincerely hope however, that the paucity of its members will not keep it out of any of the college competitions, and will endeavour to exhibit this spirit by entering into all activities with a "pep" in inverse ratio to its numerical strength. The officers elected to date are as follows:—

Hon. President, Dr. G. P. McRostie.

President, K. E. Stewart.

Vice-President, K. A. Hay.

Sec'y-Treasurer, G. S. Walsh.

Pres. Lit. Society, C. R. Mitchell.

Athletic Executive, G. S. Walsh, R. H. Smith.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '23.

Class-mates may depart and new ones may take their places, but the old class spirit—the esprit de corps, which was established in the fall of '19—remains.

Our men, although divided among five options, stand together as a unit, this

fact being conclusively demonstrated on Sports Day, and at the class dinner held already this year. Similarly, the boys of Agric. '23 are eager to play the game and cooperate with the other three years for the maintenance of our college spirit, and the advancement of our Alma Mater.

The reputation gained by the class scholastically, on the field, in college activities and across the campus is not likely to be detracted from by boys with such an outlook — boys guided by an advisory committee whose personnel is Dr. J. F. Snell, Prof. T. G. Bunting and Mr. L. C. McOuat, and by the following class officers: Hon. Pres., Prof. Barton; Hon. Vice-Pres., Mr. H. McOuat; Pres., M. MacLennan; Vice-Pres., R. McKibbon; Secretary, T. C. Vanterpool; Treasurer, E. A. Atwell, and, committeeman, J. B. Smith.

CLASS '23's DINNER.

Says Charles Lamb, "of all the delicacies in the whole edible world I will maintain roast pig to be the most delicate". This is the opinion of a learned man. How learned, those present at the initial banquet of Class '23, in this year of grace 1921, are well fitted to say.

One of the college staff at the sophomore chicken feed last year uttered some words provocative of thought. The train of suggestion he laid down led to the "sucking pig" dinner held by the Juniors on October 18th.

Well planned, well served, well enjoyed — how could the function prove anything but a success? The guests and the class members enjoyed to the full the repast placed before them.

Replying to the toast to the guests, Dr. Harrison, in a timely address, wished Class '23 the best of luck through the coming year. At the close of the ban-

quet dancing was indulged in for a short time. Loath to part from their fair and charming partners, the Juniors and their Faculty guests, finally tore themselves away while the evening was still young.

INITIATION OF CLASS '25.

It happened about midnight. The Sophomores with a few helpers banged lustily upon the doors of the poor, unfortunate Freshmen. "Open up!" was the cry.

Guided carefully down the winding staircase, they received, each in his turn, a handshake of welcome to the halls of Macdonald, which seemed to thrill their bodies with an electric current. Each neophyte was, of course, blind-folded and carefully wrapped up against the chilly humours of the night.

Next came the justly famous tonsorial establishment, where hair-cutting, massaging, and general decorating of the top-storey was carried on with great skill. Each newcomer was seated in a comfortable chair, the seat of which, however, would have registered 32° F. had there been a thermometer handy.

After taking a little rest our new fellows were invited each to partake of a wonderful preparation of hot dog, very hot! This strongly stimulated their stomachs. *Some men a then be my.*

We then found that there was a judge present, in long flowing robes, who announced that these men were guilty of several very grave offences. He therefore sentenced them to do penance immediately, so, forthwith in doing of said penance said men cut many amusing and grotesque capers.

After promising to behave as is becoming to a Freshmen each candidate was provided with a beautiful green and gold head-piece on which was inscribed,

in bold letters, "Macdonald"; together with a golden necktie of equal beauty.

Refreshments, consisting of pop, sandwiches, and cake were enjoyed by everyone and the ceremony was completed by a torch-light parade around the girls' residence.

E. K. W. '23.
Tel Williams

THE RECEPTION

The social event of the year has come and gone and great were the preparations therefor. For days before such snatches from conversations could be heard in the corridors and post-office—"Say, what dress are you going to wear on Saturday night?" "Gee, I hope my hair curls all right." And then the long-forgotten rags and papers were brought to view, and curling tongs were put to use to get just the right effect for that little question mark on a girl's forehead, known in the feminine world as a "kiss curl."

The night arrived and great was the excitement thereof. We all assembled in the main hall of the Residence and were led through the tunnel for the first time into the place of horrors — the Men's Residence. After leaving our coats, furs, powder and complexion in the dressing-room we again lined up and proceeded to the Gym. There we were most graciously received by Miss Russell, Miss Laidlaw, Dr. Harrison and Mr. Graham. With such pleasant smiles at the beginning the rest of the evening could not help but be enjoyable. The dancing was helped on wonderfully by the orchestra and I'm sure everybody appreciated them immensely. To divide up the evening several other interesting features were brought on, such as a Guessing game, Miss Bendalari's solo dances and a Prize Waltz. Last but not most important of the features were the refreshments. Two more dances and

then the unwelcome refrain of "Home Sweet Home" was heard. So all our curls and best frocks are put away until next time, when we sincerely hope we may have even half as enjoyable an evening.

To all the boys who were responsible for such a pleasant evening, we girls wish to express our sincere appreciation of their untiring efforts to make us all feel welcome at Macdonald Collège.

MACBETH.

Through the untiring efforts of Dr. Brunt, many of the students spent a very enjoyable evening at His Majesty's Theatre. Walter Hampden, the well-known Shakespearian actor presented the play, Macbeth. Everything was arranged by Dr. Brunt and the whole trip to Montreal was a great success. We were all glad to strike the bright lights again and some of the students visited Montreal for the first time on that occasion.

The students left the College on the 6.27 train and arrived in Montreal at 7.15. They were not made to walk like the animals that went into the Ark, but in an orderly manner to the theatre.

The play was termed a howling success, as in the most hair-raising parts low bursts of laughter were heard from certain rows in the balcony—evidently very amusing to some people. The play was over about 11.30 and the G. T. R. officials very kindly held the train for the Macdonald contingent. What a sleepy lot of students arrived back at the College after midnight! Many of the students, who were fortunate enough to have friends or relations, stayed overnight, in Montreal.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The social activities committee are to be heartily congratulated on the great

success which attended their efforts in connection with the informal "social" on Monday evening, Oct. 31st, Hallowe'en. The programme was of a musical nature and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

One of the chief features of the evening's fun was the fact that it was more or less unexpected. This only helped to add to the enjoyment derived from it, and, here's to the success of next year's Hollowe'en party.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

A record audience filled the seats of the main floor and the gallery of the Assembly Hall at the first concert of the College year on Oct. 29, organized by the Students' Activities Committee. The entertainment was provided by the College Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. R. B. Musgrove, the girls of the School for Teachers, the St. George's Amateur Dramatic Society and members of the College staff.

The first part of the programme was entirely musical. Several excellent pieces of music were rendered by the orchestra, and the audience was favored as well with songs by Miss Grace Armstrong, Miss Henry, Messrs. Coulson and Heimpel, and the chorus of the School for Teachers.

A farce in one act, entitled "Pa's New Housekeeper", produced by the St. George's Amateur Dramatic Club, comprised the second part of the evenings' programme, and the actors are to be congratulated on their success.

During the interval between the two parts of the programme the cups and medals for field and track events on Field Day, Oct. 26, were distributed to the successful classes and individual competitors.

ANIMAL OPTION JUDGING.

The Animal Option spent an interesting afternoon in judging Percherons at "Stoneycroft Farm". The classes brought out for the men to judge were very instructive in many points. The differences in the individuals brought out were quite marked, but careful summing up was necessary in order to give reasons for one's placing.

While at, "Stoneycroft" we had the opportunity of seeing two carloads of Hereford steers, which had just arrived from the Peace River District. They were a nice, even-fleshed lot and should grade well on the market. All agreed that it was a very profitable afternoon.

INITIATION OF SCIENCE, TEACHERS FRESHMEN 1921.

Eooo! Eooo! Eooo!

The hoot of the owl, "that fatal bell-man that gives the stern'st goodnight"; the shriek of a train, emerging from the darkness of a distant tunnel; the eerie howl of the wolf, that maketh the hair to stand on end, — all these, but not of these, being human, yet sounding inhuman in the darkness which enshrouded them.

In his rounds, the nightwatchman paused, "on tiptoe for a flight", and returned to his trusty colleague more hastily than he had departed. Together the two ventured forth, tramping heavily to give more assurance. Up the stairs they lumbered, and then, of a sudden, they, came to an halt. Before them, issuing noiselessly from "Gay Street", the chief abode of the Seniors, came ("Oh monstrous! Oh strange! We are haunted!") Sixteen ghosts! All alike in form and contour, with flowing snow-white draperies; pallid of cheek, pink of eye, all alike, save one whose tooth protruded before her, weird and unsightly and terrifying withal. Across their shoulders their glistening white

hands were crossed, and icy water dripped, dripped, from their finger tips.

Eooo! Eooo! Eooo!

Into the first room they pass in solemn procession. Miss Herniah Heriah has supped upon Laura Secords (a gift from a "friend"), hot cocoa, cheese and crackers, and her dreams are being disturbed by the embarrassing presence of a lion standing on stilts upon her chest. He is bending down to swallow her head; his luminous eyes are hypnotising her — Help! There is a ghost on her bed! She is being massaged gently with ice-cold finger tips on her face, her legs; she is dumped unceremoniously upon the floor, and left to recover her terrified senses, grappling with the horror of nightmare, lions and ghosts. Her room-mate, who has supped less generously, is rolling in a chaotic bundle of sheets and blankets upon the floor. She presently recovers her senses sufficiently to stumble to the door — her foot entwined in the meshes of a twisted sheet. She sees the "ghosts" trailing in order along the corridor. They have two master keys in their possession, and deftly open the locked doors to left and right.

As they proceed to the next flat there has been sufficient disturbance to awaken some of the occupants, who shake the "ghosts" warmly by the hand, and others, not yet disturbed, awaken with shrill scream, then laugh delightedly to think they have been "taken in" so easily. "So this is *Initiation!*" they remark, and therewith set forth upon a lengthy and cheerful discussion of what will happen next, what happened before, what happened next door, and what happened down below.

Bold and curious Freshmen who venture out of their rooms, are speedily chased back by a posse of capering "ghosts."

Towards 1 a.m. the "ghosts" return,

disheveled, but undaunted, to "Gay Street" and to the Hermitage; the nightwatchman ceases to blink weary eyelids, and proceeds on his rounds; the chattering, laughing and last screams fade away, and quiet reigns supreme in the Residence.

It is not for nothing that Miss J. C. applies her artistic talent: to judge by the scuffling, the hooting, the screeching and laughing before the bulletin board, her poster is being appreciated! The outcome of it is the appearance in the dining hall of a long line of Freshmen, pink-eyed and green-nosed, hair in pig-tails, and uniforms back to front. They are dancing gracefully (?) towards the Superintendent's table, where they curtsy to the ground, then hop nimbly around the corner and down the aisle, for the special benefit of the audience (mostly male).

Ask the Freshies if they ate any supper that evening; ask them if they gathered any dining-room bacteria on their knees; ask them if dining-room chairs are heavy to push; ask them if they spoke in lady-like whispers! Well, I guess!

Then comes the summons to go up to the gym, and what befell there is recorded in a closed book, not fit for the eye of male creature. A peep must suffice to satisfy the curious: there sits Miss M. upon a platform, and she is demonstrating to the women students the gentle Art of Vamping. She is a past-mistress — we've seen her do it. Ask S.!

Enough!

The Freshies are instructed in the "Do's and Dont's", and are then dismissed, with a parting gift of Eve's apple.

Hurrah for the Freshies of 1921, for from this day, henceforward and evermore they are part of Macdonald.

Eooo! Eooo! Eooo!

P. A. C.

	President	Secretary.
Students' Council.....	J. W. Graham	F. W. Dogherty
College Magazine.....(Ed.)	Eric D. McGreer	H. W. Clay (Bus.Mgr)
College Literary Society.....	M. MacLennan	F. Dimmock
Men's Residence Committee.....	F. W. Dogherty	G. S. Walsh
Women's Residence Committee....	Florence E. Latimer	Lena King
Students' Christian Movement.....	W. B. Gerhardt (1st. vice-Pres.) Agnes	K. A. Hay W. Laidlaw
Students' Social Activities Committee.....	H. W. Brighton	
Men's Athletic Association.....	R. W. Templeton	M. MacLennan
Girl's Athletic Association.....	Rachael E. Woods	Frances L. Coleman
College Orchestra.....	(Conductor) Mr. R. B. Musgrove.	
College Glee Club.....	(Conductor) Mr. R. B. Musgrove	
AGRICULTURE		
CLASS IV.....	Eric D. McGreer	J. D. Sutherland
III.....	M. McLennan	T. C. Vanterpool •
II.....	K. E. Stewart	G. S. Walsh
I.....	C. D. Fogerty	S. M. Walford
TEACHERS		
Model.....	Violet M. Millar	Muriel G. Lemesurier
Elementary.....	Gwendolyn M. Elliott	Myrtle Monaghan
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE:		
B. H. S. — third year.....	Agnes W. Laidlaw	' Emma Saunders
Institution Administration, Senior.....	Helen Mathieson	Marjorie H. Jones
" " Junior.....	Grace P. Yeats	Elspet McIlroy
Homemaker.....	Evelyn M. Jones	Yvette Lafferty
Autumn Short Course... Representative,	Dorothy Bloomfield
CLASS LITERARY SOCIETIES:		
Agriculture IV.....	E. F. S. Shepherd
III.....	W. H. Perron
II.....	C. R. Mitchell
I.....	H. Hill	S. M. Walford ✓
Teachers — Model Class "A".....	Dorothy Goodey
"B".....	Edna Moule
"C".....	Dorris E. Wyman	Marion Smith
"D".....	Bernyce George	Elizabeth I. Tomalty
Household Science (School - Home Economics Club).....	Phyllis A. Clarke	Faith Mathewson
Live stock Club.....	R. Bruce Ness	H. W. Clay
Horticulture & Apiary Club.....	C. T. Skinner
Canadian Club.....	R. W. Templeton	F. Dimmock
MACDONALD COLLEGE AGRICULTURAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION:		
Mr. J. Egbert McOuat, General Secretary.		
Class '11 Mr. F. H. Grindley	'15 Mr. L. C. McOuat	'19 Mr. C. J. Wilcox
'12 Mr. M. B. Davis	'16 Mr. J. Harold McOuat	'20 Mr. L. G. Saunders
'13 Dr. E. M. DuPorte	'17 Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins	'21 Mr. A. R. Jones
'14 Mr. G. W. Muir	'18 Mr. R. J. M. Reid	
Women Teachers' Residence Com. (Convenor).....	Miss Q. B. Sherman	Miss E. Tilton
Macdonald College Club.....	E. A. Lods	M. H. Howitt
Bachelors' Club.....	M. A. Jull	W. A. Maw
Golf Club.....	L. C. Raymond	Dr. E. M. DuPorte
Hort. Society of Ste. Anne de Bellevue.....	R. R. Macaulay	L. C. Raymond



As usual Rugby opened the athletic season at Macdonald. But, as the first game was stated for the week college opened, we had little time to get a team in shape to meet the Loyola and McGill teams which had the advantage of longer periods of training.

The football season was somewhat marred by a regrettable accident which occurred during the first Loyola game. LaChaine, during the first few minutes of play, sustained a double fracture of the left leg, which will necessitate his absence from the college for some weeks and consequently put him behind in his class work.

As the accident occurred while he was representing the college in one of her recognized branches of sport, we wish to express here the sympathy of the student body for his misfortune, and their admiration for the plucky way in which he acted at the time.

Another matter which is worthy of mention is the exchange of hospitality between the Rugby teams. Macdonald tried to show a little courtesy to the visiting Loyola team, a courtesy which they appreciated and which they were not slow to repay on our return game with them. It is these little attentions and courtesies which promote the spirit of good-fellowship between different colleges and which enable the rivalries

in athletics to be carried on in the truest spirit of good sportsmanship.

Every encouragement should therefore be given to efforts directed along this line, and the student body should give them their heartiest support, so that after a game is fairly won or lost on the playing field our only rivalry should be to see how well we can treat our guests.

Loyola 29

Macdonald 3.

College opened on Oct. 3rd and Loyola came out to play the first football game on the 8th, so it can be readily understood that although our team did not lack in material or spirit yet it did not have the proper cohesion acquired by longer training. Then in the first few minutes of play LaChaine fractured his leg, an accident which cast over the rest of the team a gloom, from which they did not recover until Loyola had piled up a score of 20—0 by the end of the first half.

In the second half, however, our boys steadied down and played a much tighter game. The wings followed up Harrison's kicks to better advantage, so that Bate, getting possession of a fumbled ball behind Loyola's goal line, made our only score of the game. Loyola during this period obtained nine points more, leaving the final score 29—3.

Line-up: Richardson, Harrison, Winters, MacLennan, Armitage, Templeton, McKibbon, Gerhardt, Fogerty, J. Smith, Bates, LaChaine. Spares: Amaron, Brigham, Findlay.

McGill Juniors 15. Macdonald 0.

Oct. 12th proved to be a wet day with the ground soft and slippery, which made fast work impossible. Our team found the experience gained in the Loyola game useful and fought hard, but occasionally left openings through which the McGill men scored.

In the second half our boys held well, but lacked in scoring ability. Harrison's kicking proved superior to that of McGill, even though it was not always followed up to the best advantage. Altogether McGill got three touchdowns while our team went scoreless.

Line up: Richardson, Harrison, Winters, MacLennan, Armitage, Templeton, McKibbon, Stewart, J. Smith, Bates, Amaron, Graham. Spares: Gerhardt, Fogerty, Findlay.

Loyola 15. Macdonald 5.

In this, Macdonald's return game with Loyola on Oct. 19th, we started out with high hopes which seemed to be justified by the play during the first half. For, although Loyola made a touchdown early in the game, yet the play was in her territory most of the time and by half time Macdonald had tied the score by forcing Loyola to a succession of rouges and safety-touches.

The score remained unchanged during the third quarter, but in the last period the longer taining and better condition of Loyola's team began to tell so that they managed to get across two touchdowns during the last seven minutes of play, giving them the game by a score of 15—5.

Line up: Richardson, Harrison, Winters, MacLennan, Armitage, Templeton,

J. Smith, McKibbon, Stewart, Graham, Collins and Amaron. Spares: Bates, Gerhardt, Walford.

McGill Juniors 11. Macdonald 8.

The last game in the Rugby League was our return game with McGill Juniors on Oct. 22nd. This was played on the McGill Campus and in it Macdonald made their best showing of the season.

In the first half, Smith made a touchdown which Harrison converted beautifully. This in addition to a safety obtained just before the half time whistle blew gave Macdonald a lead of two points over the McGill team.

The second half was also strongly contested and remained scoreless until the last two minutes of play; when, as a result of a questionable decision in the gaining of yards, McGill was awarded the ball within a yard of our goal line and on the third down managed to get it across, giving them a lead of three points.

The features of the play were the bucks of Smith, the tackling of Amaron and the kicking of Harrison.

Line up: Richardson, Harrison, Winters, MacLennan, Armitage, Templeton, J. Smith, McKibbon, Stewart, Hay, Collins and Amaron. Spares: Bates, Gerhardt, Walford.

* * *

SPORTS DAY.

On our annual Sports Day, set for Wednesday afternoon Oct. 26th, the fates were certainly propitious, for, although a trifle cool it was perfectly calm, clear and bright.

The first event was called at 2.30 p. m. and from then till 5.30 p.m., one event succeeded another with little delay. But in spite of this, part of the program had to be postponed to a later date.

The time made in the various races though good did not break any of the

established records. In the pole vault, however, Winters exceeded the college record, establishing a new one of 8' 10".

The rivalry between the different classes for the Interclass Trophy, was the stimulus for greater effort on the part of individual contestants. For some time the Seniors and Juniors appeared to be running a neck and neck race, but, as the afternoon wore on, the Fourth year gained a lead, which seemed to give every promise that they would hold the trophy for this year. On Saturday, however, when the sports were finished up, the Juniors took most of the events. Because of this and because of a reversed decision by the judges of a previous race, the Juniors obtained the Interclass Trophy.

The winners of the individual championships, for the highest number of points were also from the Junior Class, Vanterpool first with 22 points, Rolleston second with 15.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

Oh where, Oh where is the gentleman who so injudiciously exclaimed of Girls' Athletics, "There ain't no such animal!"

Because if I could find that aforementioned gentleman, presumably from Missouri (Heaven forbid!), I would very likely lead him gently but firmly to the girls' gym, any afternoon, or evening. I think possibly he would change his mind, don't you?

The prospect for this year in every branch of sport is most promising, for most of the girls have practised faithfully, with the aid of our excellent coaches.

To the managers of all the sports, all credit is to be given for their faithfulness, and for the wonderful sportsmanship which is being shown, because after all this is the ultimate aim of all sports.

The Athletic Association, which is the

organization from which we direct all College sports is composed of the Honorary-President, President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, together with the various managers of all the branches of sport. This year, the College is very keen in developing College spirit to make the name of old "Mac" famous.

* * *

THE VARIOUS ACTIVITIES.

The Paper Chase.

Mrs. Hobbs, at the request of some of the girls kindly arranged a paper chase for Saturday, October 22nd and each one thoroughly enjoyed herself.

The Hike.

To our great delight, the paper chase was not the end. The next Saturday we went on a five mile hike-up the Ste. Marie Road, over the hill, and around to the back of Stoneycroft; then we followed the Ste. Marie road home again, tired, but very happy.

Swimming.

The swimming tank is open two nights a week, and the girls are very enthusiastic.

The beginners are progressing rapidly and much fun is derived from this sport. When the Diving Board is installed we hope to train many to be good divers.

Plans are under way for an open night when there will be stunts and water sports.

Baseball.

This is one of the sports in which the girls have entered most enthusiastically this year.

Our excellent coach, Mr. T. H. McOuat is working hard to make the Macdonald team the best, and, although it is uphill work, the girls are working hard and very soon we hope to have a good team.

Tennis.

There has been very little tennis play-

ed this season, because, when the College opened, it was too late to start anything.

Mrs. Hobbs is arranging for a Babington Court in the gym for the winter, and we hope that a large number of the girls will take it up.

Basket-Ball.

And lastly the game which means so much to Inter-Collegiate Sports all over the world to-day. Basket-Ball.

This is a game in which sportmanship and combination count so much to make a winning team.

On Thursday, October 20th, the Girls' Gym. was the scene of a very interesting and exciting game of basket-ball between "The School for Teachers" and "The School of Household Science".

Both Teachers and Science entered the game bound to win, and consequently the game was a keenly contested one, in which each student put forth her best. Science had an excellent line up but the Teachers proved better as the score shows. Science 12. Teachers 22.

The line-up was as follows:—

Teachers		Science
R. Woods	forward	M. Bendelari
R. Phelps		D. Algeo.
B. Dougherty	centre	F. Mathieson
V. Simons	side centre	Y. Lafferty.
C. Henry	defence	K. Kuntz.
H. Laing	defence	C. McLimont.
Spares		Spares
I. Milne		C. Crane.
M. Le Mesurier		N. Laidlaw.



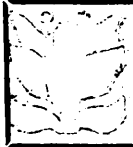
Results of Field Day

Events	First	Second	Third	Record made
100 Yards Dash	Vanterpool	R. Smith	Graham	17 4-5 sec.
Baseball Throw	Fritz	Ness	Winters	276.6 ft.
Shot Putt	Skinner	J. B. Smith	Templeton	30.05 ft.
220 Yards Dash	Vanterpool	R. Smith	Graham	26 sec.
Standing Broad Jump . .	Rolleston	Hay	Vanterpool	8.75 ft.
One Mile	Shepherd	Perron	MacLennan	5 min. 17 1-5 sec.
High Jump	Skinner	Hay	Winters	5 ft. 2 in.
440 Yards	Graham	R. Smith	Templeton	59 2-5 sec.
Pole Vault	Winters	Ness	Beaudin	8 ft. 10 in.
120 Yards Hurdle	Vanterpool	Graham	R. Smith	19 3-5 sec.
Half Mile	Maw	Perron	Shepherd	2 min. 22 4-5 sec.
Two Miles	Kirby	Shepherd	Perron	11 min. 30 sec.
Running Broad	Rolleston	Vanterpool	Armstrong	18 ft. 10 in.
Hop, Step and Jump . .	Rolleston	Vanterpool	J. Graham	38 ft. 7½ in.
Half Mile Relay	Juniors	Seniors	Sophomores	
Tug-of-War	Seniors			





AUTUMN SHORT COURSE TEACHERS.



Under The Desk Lamp

First Impressions of Macdonald

Macdonald College, Que.

My dear Buddy,

When I said goodbye to you at the Bonaventure Station last Thursday I had no intention of allowing three days to elapse before writing to you. You will think me a very negligent ward, but, on Thursday evening, I was too fully occupied with unpacking to settle down to a long letter; and after that it seemed better to wait until to-day in order to allow for the inclusion of the week-end accumulation of news—although it will not be of a nature to interest you very greatly, I am afraid.

Do you remember telling me that I would be disappointed in the appearance of the buildings? Well, I was, in a way. Certainly, the exterior of Macdonald is blatantly new, but the interior, at least of our building (the Women's Residence, which of course, is the one I know best), bears witness to former traditions, if only in the shape of thumb tack marks in the walls, and an evil-looking stain on the ceiling above my bed. I sent myself to sleep on Thursday night pleasantly contemplating the scene in the room above, of girls, holding a midnight feast, by the light of candle (the electric switch is turned off at 11 p.m.), and, in the extremity of bursting with conversation which had to be held in undertones, an accident taking place with the drinks! The drops must have dripped upon the upturned face of my predecessor supposing she had her bed placed in the same position and that she

were a quiet and orderly person (as her successor is!) sleeping her full eight hours.

I remember you remarking with what awe you stood and gazed at the buildings of Macdonald, with the thought in your mind "What better memorial could a man leave!" As each day passes, I realize, more and more, the significance of your words: it is impossible for me to convey to you the thrill of belonging to this enormous family of two hundred girls. Wasn't it Judy Abbott who, upon her first awakening in College, pinched herself, and rapidly repeated "I'm at College! I'm at College"! until she had chased away the last doubt of incredibility? That is the nearest explanation I can give of my own emotions.

You wont mind, I hope, if I exhibit signs of the habits of a fire horse when I come to spend my week-end with you? I am being trained to sleeping, waking, eating and working by bells, and it is possible that I may not have acquired the blasé bearing of a Senior Science, whose familiarity with residence life has deadened her hearing, and rendered her impervious to all regulations!

I shall watch for the arrival of the trains on Saturday, and meanwhile remain,

Your dutiful ward, in process of being steeped in the knowledge necessary in the making of a Junior Ad,

Affectionately,

BILLY.

Sunday, Sept. 18, 1921.



HUMOROUS



Under the Microscope

A is for Anna,
A stunner at stinks,
In the Apartment
She scrubs the sinks.

B is for Becky.
You'll laugh till you cry!
She lemons her soup
And onions her pie!

C is for Clarkie.
She puts up our fruit,
She bullies the organ
And helps us to root.

D is for Donnelly;
For fungi she craves,
Of cocci bacilli
At night-time she raves.

E is for Eleanor:
Her sweater is red,
She's knitting the collar —
S'nough said!

F is for Fiji,
Who's right full of pep,
She works all our meetings —
Hasn't had enough yet.

G is for Greenie,
Beloved and adored —
She gives us our meals
When we pay for our board.

H is for Helen
Who's swanky and fair:
We think she's engaged —
They'll make a fine pair!

I is for ink,
Our fingers it stains,
It takes down our notes
And addles our brains.

J is for Jean,
Whose bright eyes inspire
Our chemistry Prof.
To poetical fire.

K is for Kempffer,
A live wire she is,
Disconnected, it's true,
But that's none of our biz!

L's for Louise
Who hails from B.C.
(Her name's really Frances),
Real woolly she be.

M is for Miller,
She acts on the Hit;
Stroke her right way
Or else she will spit,

N is for Nancy —
In height and in frame,
Fortune and fancy
Hath given her fame.

O is for Olga.
She rooms next to Jan
She feeds the pet turtle
Upon chicken and ham.

P is for Pickle,
Baseball's her fame,
Her temper is fickle
And goes with her name.

Q is for Question —
Do **you** like these rhymes?
We think they're spiffy —
Right up to the times!

R is for Ruby;
She swims like a fish,
And curls up her tail
Whenever you wish.

S is for Slats;
At night-time she prowls,
She flatters delinquents
And roosts with the owls.

T is for Taylor,
Cuss, cuss! Oh Kitty,
How can you say so
When you are so pretty?

U is for You dear,
Sister or brother —
Slats stands for one,
Jimmie Graham the other.

V is for Verses
So pregnant with knowledge
Of all the inhabitants
Of M.A.C. College.

W's for Woodsie.
We think she's a peach,
Our basketball's famous
Because of her reach.

X is for Christmas,
Its coming is sure;
After that our examiners
Will show us the door.

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Nearly every man commences his career wearing shackles of some sort, or else he early assumes them. Usually such shackles consist of the necessity of providing compensation for someone, either dependent or creditor, for the loss which his untimely death would entail.

The man who carries a substantial life assurance policy is free from this handicap. He has provided for the support of his dependents or the reimbursement of his creditors no matter what happens to him. His feet and hands are free for use in advancing along the high road to success.

Get your life assurance now. It is cheapest and easiest to get while you are still young.

Do not travel wearing shackles.

Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada

Head Office: MONTREAL

Y's for Yvette,
At tennis a stunner,
No M.A.C. swatter
Has ever yet done 'er.

Z is for Zoolite—
The state of our brain—
Unprecedented exercise
Has driven us insane!

THE HAND TO HOLD.

If I might hold that hand again
Clasped lovingly in mine
I'd little care what others sought—
That hand I held lang syne.

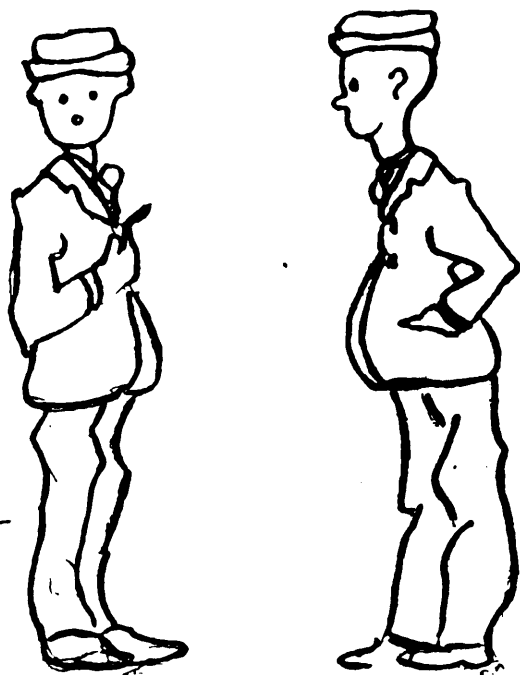
That hand! So warm it was and soft!
Soft! Ne'er was a softer thing!
Ah me! I'll hold it ne'er again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen, king.

"What your wife needs", said the
doctor," is a change of air."

"Well", said the penurious husband,
"I'll get her an electric fan."

Insurance Examiner: What did you
say your grandfather died of?

The subject: Well, sir, I can't re-
member rightly, but I know it was
nothing serious.



Mrs. Jenkins, a regular visitor in the consulting room of a doctor, started on the long story of her troubles. The doctor endured it patiently, then gave her another bottle. At last she started out, but stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated."

"I know it isn't," replied the doctor, "you don't find grass on a race track."

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr.

Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats regarded her with horror.

"Oh, gran'ma, gran'ma!" she cried, "Come here quick, the cat's begun to boil."

"What would your mother say, little boy," demanded the passer-by, "if she could hear you swear like that."

"She'd be tickled to death", answered the bad little boy, "She's stone deaf."

"How much did yez pay for thim eggs, Biddy?" inquired Pat.

"Forty-foive cints a dozen," replied Biddy.

"Oh begorra!" exclaimed Pat, "We can't afford to ate eggs at that price. Put thim down cellar till they git chaper, an thin we'll ate thim."

While Willie and his mother were walking along the street, they passed an employment agency with this sign in the window.

"Colored Help Supplied."

"Look ma," said Willie, "Is that where we got our green cook."

She: "Tell me a short story."

He: "I love you."

She: "Accepted."

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Mike had just been made foreman of the section gang, but he knew the respect due his rank.

"Finnegan," he said sternly to an argumentative assistant, "Oi'll hev nothing out of yez but silence — and mighty little of that."

They were out sailing when the wind died away, leaving them becalmed. The young man urged his fair companion to whistle for some wind.

"Oh, no," she said archly, "there's no telling what you will do when I get my lips all puckered up."

"I won't do anything at all," he promised.

"Well," she returned, "then I won't whistle."

"Isn't that rather strong stuff that you boys buy?" asked a Northern man of a negro who had just bought a pint of rather vigorous whiskey.

"No, sah," replied the negro, "not so strong as mi' be, sah. We reckon to this yere about three fights to a pint, sah!"

Returning from his first visit to the seashore little Dean told the family about the Ocean.

"Why," he exclaimed, his eyes big with excitement, "It jumped and leaped all around! I brought some home to show you. Now just look," and he produced a big bottle, the contents of which he poured into a pan, where it lay inert and lifeless.

"Huh! That's funny", he said. "It must have died coming home."

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Student.—Then chemistry must be a successful business.

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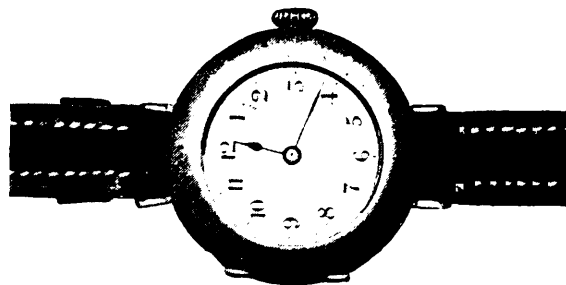
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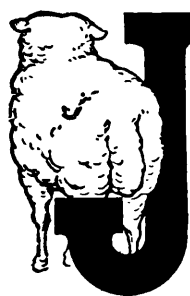
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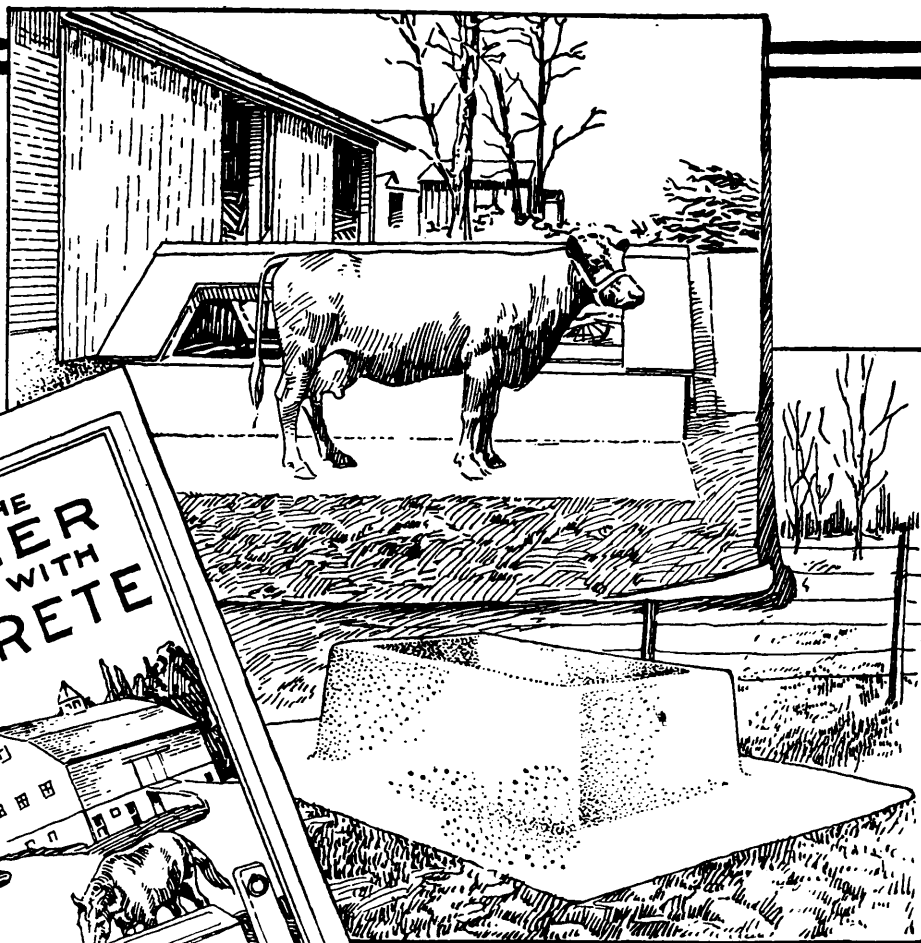
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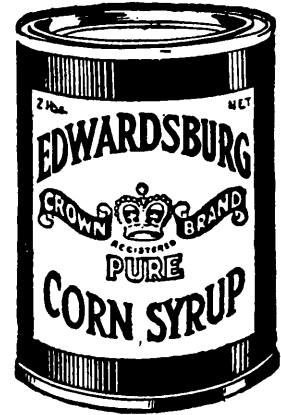
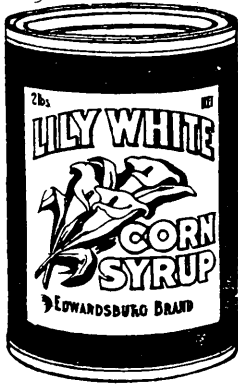
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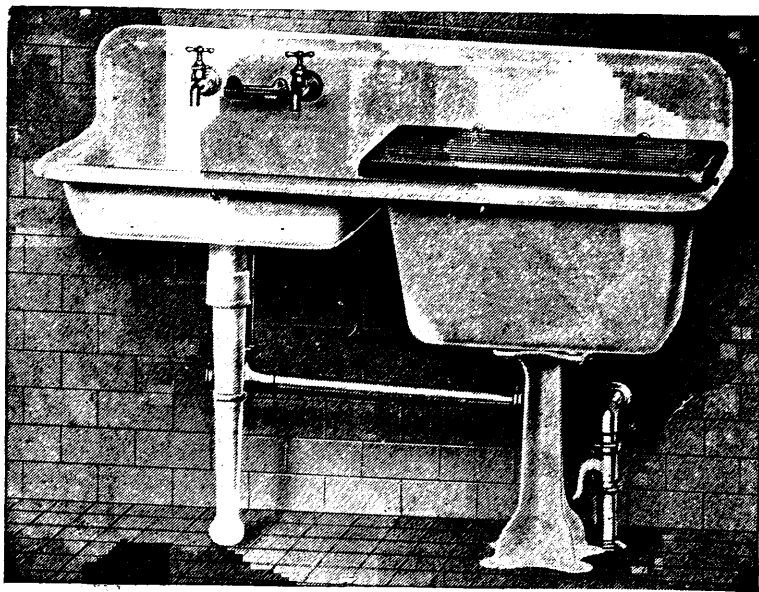
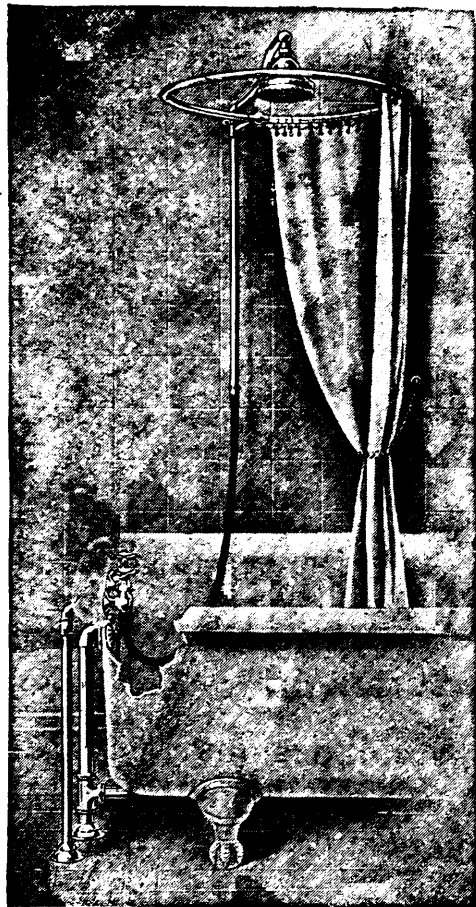
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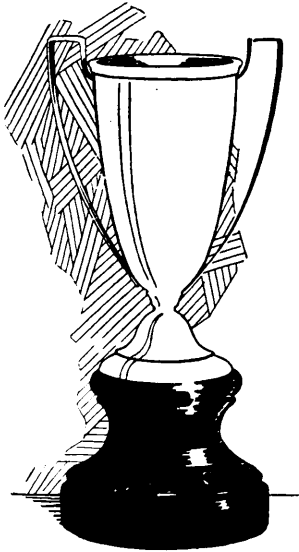
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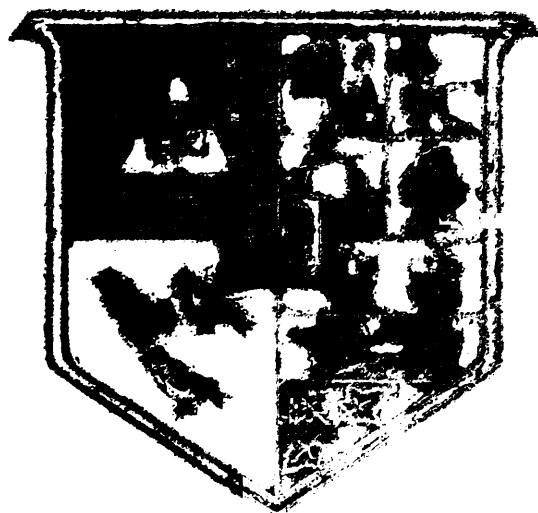
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Vol: 12

No. 2

Macdonald College Magazine



1921-22

December

January

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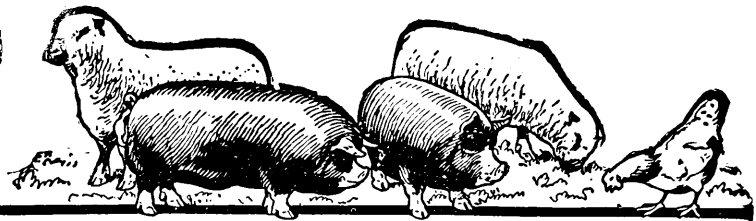
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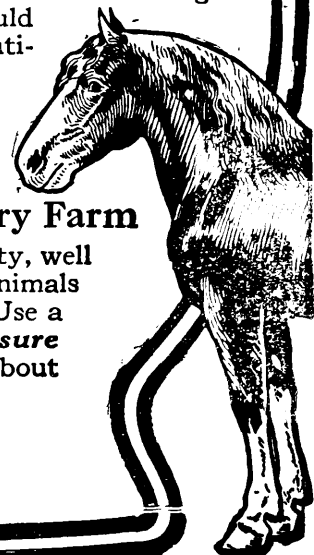
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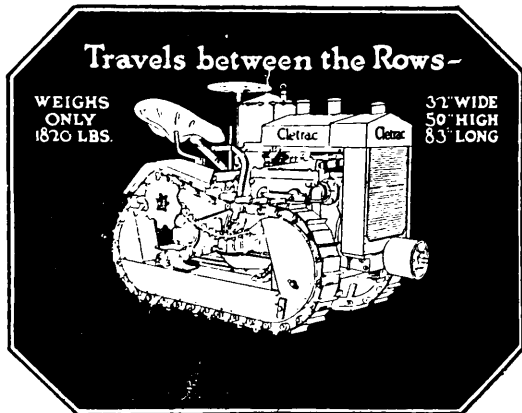
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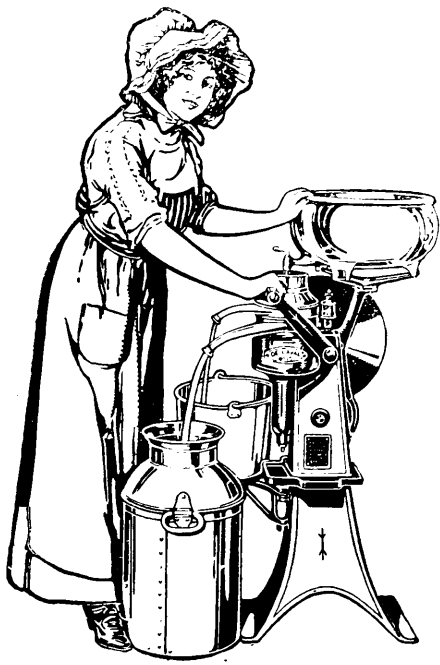
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